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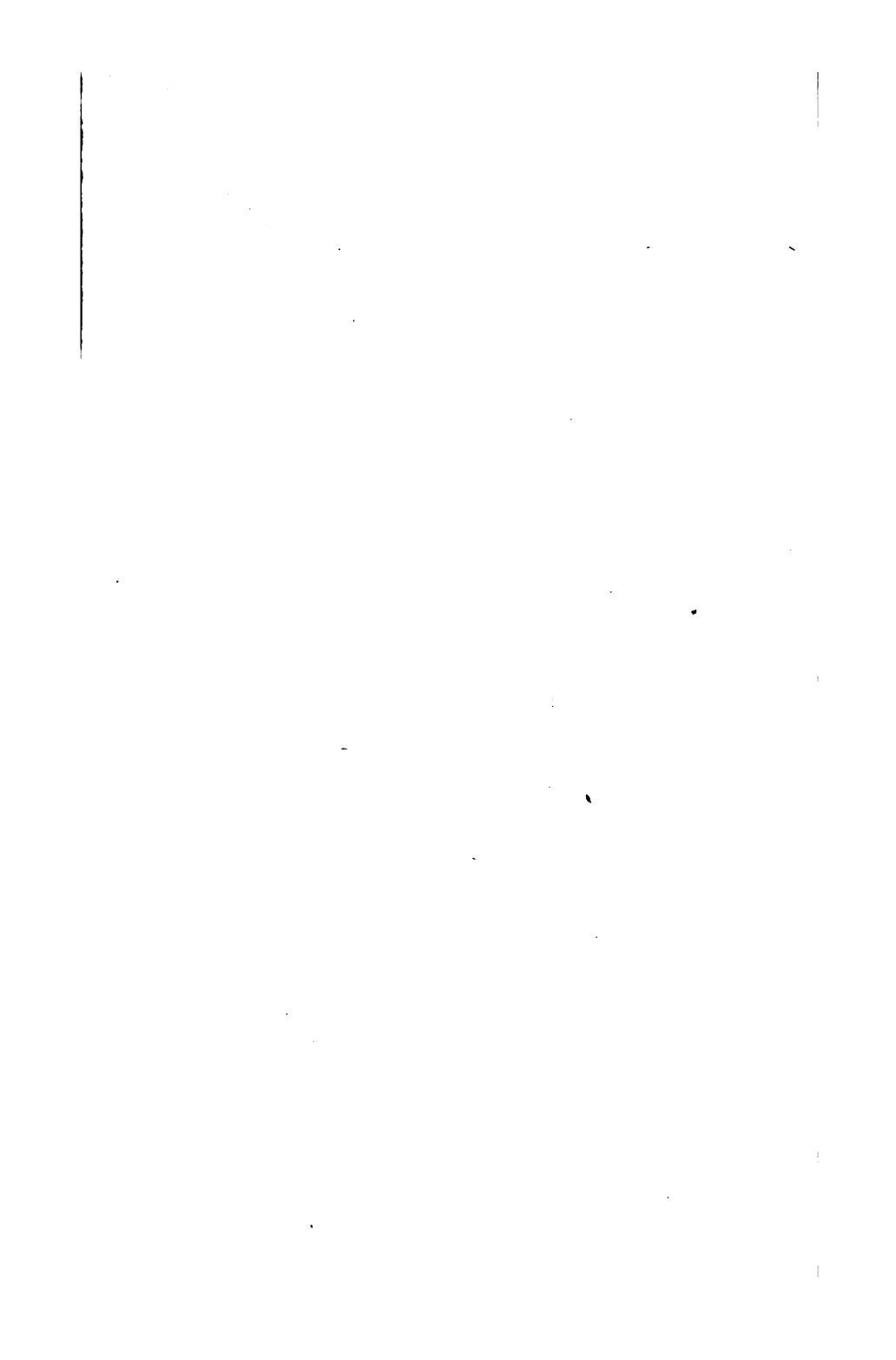


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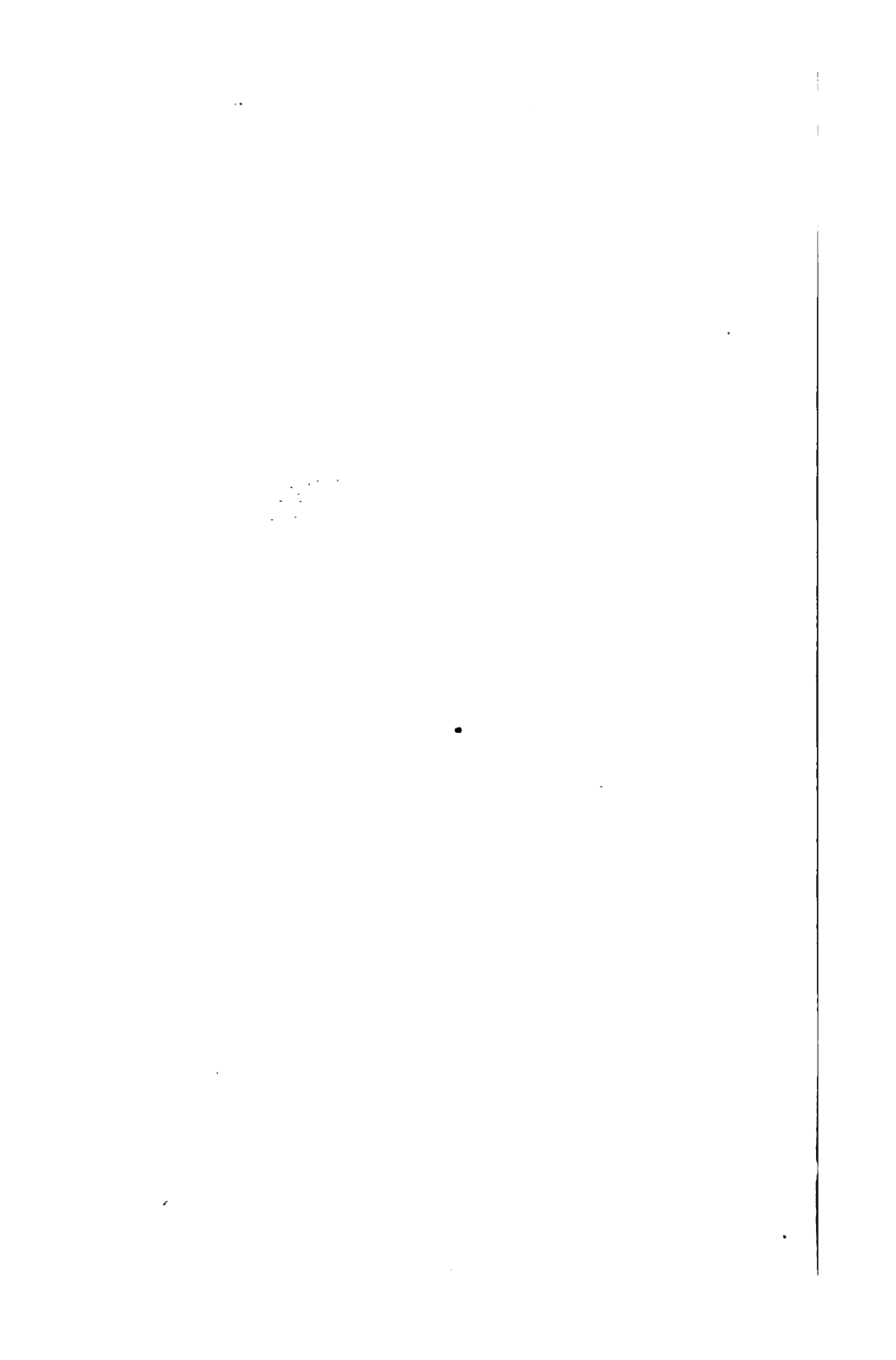




MEDDLINGS

WITH

THE MUSE.



MEDDLINGS

• WITH

THE MUSE.

BY

J. A. SIMONS.



..... "Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, et in celeres iambos
Misit furentem."

Horace.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1840.

737.

**PRINTED BY RICHARD AND JOHN E. TAYLOR,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.**

P R E F A C E.

IN the frequent leisure hours which rural life affords, it has been the author's wont to pen certain fancies, without premeditation of subject or intent of publication; but for one poem complete, there remain in his portfolio a dozen in a fragmentary state. A few such sketches have appeared in "deathless pages of diurnal," and a ready acceptance of these trifles induced him to regard their fellows with more complacency; yet he might not have entered on a field wherein, be the harvest what it may, the labourers are very many, but for a trifling incident. At the close of last year, whilst on a visit to his native place, he was induced to read a few of his compositions to some friends, assembled during the Christmas festivities; at the request of which partial audience, and under the flattering impulse of the occasion, he engaged to print this collection. On the following day a prospectus was circulated, and many subscribers offered themselves; to whom, more especially, this volume is inscribed. Under the plan originally contemplated, intervening stanzas would have ushered in the various poems, singly, or in small groups; it was therefore necessary to adapt, by alteration, enlargement, or curtailment, many of those fragments to which allusion has been made—a task more difficult in practice than to supply new matter.

But time urged, important personal arrangements interfered, and the work now goes to press but partially executed in the manner purposed. The first portion contains many of what he may term letters of introduction, but the latter poems are without such useful ciceroni; which may call to mind a racy scene in "*Les Plaideurs*," of Racine. The watch-dog is charged before the monomaniac judge, to whom life off the bench is misery, with abduction of a capon. Little John, deputed counsel for the prosecution, in words of a furlong's extent, commences a detail of the offence; but, interrupted by an exclamation from L'Intimé, mocks the efforts of his prompter, snaps the thread of his elaborate exordium, and, losing at once propriety of diction and temper, winds up the charge in the simplicity of his own broad native *patois*.

The pieces constituting this volume, a minor one excepted, have never before appeared in print. Their titles, since issue of the prospectus, have undergone some alteration; but the contents, exclusive of additional matter are substantially the same as promised. As these trifles are to enter a circle where the partiality of friendship cannot avail or protect, to deprecate criticism were useless, if not absurd. The author awaits his judgement not without misgivings—for what writer, in his *coup-d'essai*, is exempt from such?—but without dismay; for conscious that he has used his best exertions to render this little volume acceptable, whatever be its reception, he will rest contented—prepared, Reader, again to enter the lists, or to lay down his arms at your award.

Clytha, near Ragland, June, 1840.

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ERRATA.

Page	19, line	11,	<i>for</i>	Thy last is	<i>read</i>	Thy last kiss is.
—	25,	—	4,	<i>should end with</i>	yields to those.	
—	25,	—	5,	<i>should begin with</i>	Who court.	
—	28,	—	2,	<i>for wide</i>	<i>read</i> wild.	
—	29,	—	2,	<i>for lowering</i>	<i>read</i> towering.	
—	40,	—	1,	<i>for</i> Where love	<i>read</i> Where truth, love.	
—	40,	—	22,	<i>for on</i>	<i>read</i> in.	
—	100,	—	7,	<i>for oft</i>	<i>read</i> soft.	
—	109,	—	16,	<i>for tone</i>	<i>read</i> tongue.	
—	116,	—	17,	<i>for transmitted</i>	<i>read</i> transmuted.	
—	120,	—	5,	<i>for pleasures</i>	<i>read</i> pleasure.	

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MEDDLINGS WITH THE MUSE.



I.

O Love, thou mystic charmer of the soul
Now as the elements impassioned, wild,
Beyond the bounds of reason or control,
Now like the breathings of a sleeping child,
Calm, holy, pure, our blessing or our bane,
We light unthinking at thy glowing fane
The fire that not an ocean can allay,
And waste in sighs our energies away
For some capricious fair, whose beauty's gem
Is the sole jewel of her diadem :
Or share the' extatic feelings thou canst bring,
When kindred hearts in mutual fondness cling,
When without doubt or jealousy 't is known
The bright Promethean idol is our own.

II.

Love dictated the first presumptuous lay,
Engendered sympathies, unchained the tongue,
And through my pulses shot the enlivening ray,
Pervading stanzas to the wild winds sung.
It was a boyish feeling, true, but then,
As years proceeded it increased in force :
So from some subterranean pass or glen
The mightiest torrents take their embryo course ;
And much I question if there e'er was one
Who dated not his metre from the first
Enthusiastic thrill of love alone,
That o'er his fond imagination burst,
Inciting him to string the tuneful lyre
With passion's ardour and a poet's fire.

III.

Maid of the Cymmry ! 't is to thee I owe
The votive offering : be it mine to trace
Through memory's vista ere the timeless blow
Prostrated in thy loveliness and grace
The joyous vision of my young heart's pride,
The sweet inspiratress of early song,—

Depict thee as, when wand'ring side by side
We roved Glamorgan's spangled shore along.
I could recall thee e'en when other ties
Claimed undivided faith. The thought was pure,
Such as in grateful bosoms never dies.
Passion, refined to friendship, will endure
When the dear being who induced it forth
Hath long since mingled with her parent earth.

IV.

Yes, thou art gone ! but to thy memory
The oblatory tribute would I pay,
Recurring to the past with one brief sigh,
And then to sprightlier subject flee away.
Maid of the Cymmry ! of the glossy tress,
Curling luxuriant o'er a swan-like neck,
Such as famed Cleopatra might possess,
And Rome's Triumvir glory to bedeck
With pearls from torn regalia—whose eyes
Sparkle with arch intelligence, or beam
In turn with pity, tenderness, surprise,
Fit constellation of a poet's dream !
Be thou the cheerer of his latent hope,
Source of his song, his heart's heliotrope.

V.

All that imagination can supply
In glowing language of the rapt ideal,—
All that thou art, loving and lovingly,
To “feeling sensible” incarnate, real,—
Born in a land the homestead of the free,
Where sacred love preserves the virgin’s zone,
Whose daughters to no despot bend the knee,
But yield their hearts to love, and love alone.
Should this discursive essay of the Muse
Within thy envied circle dare intrude,
Thou wilt indulgently its strain peruse,
Nor mar the’ attempt by criticism crude:
I well repaid, if it an hour beguile,
Or from thy roseate lips extract the’ approving smile.

VI.

Chiefly, but not entire, devote to thee,
Divinity of worlds! speeds on the theme,
This humble proffer of idolatry;
For other visions float upon my dream.
In verse developing, I would impart
What stirs the fancy, or what moves the heart;

And in a sonnetteering, careless style,
Raise the foundation of a sigh or smile.
Thus to premise, I do not mean to chatter
Methodical to rule, avoiding the sublime ;
Feel no objection to a dash of satire,
As spicery to this olio of rhyme ;
Adventuring now an Anglo-Irish ballad,
As sorrel to the literary salad.

A LEGEND OF ST. GILES.

WHILOM in the year eighteen thirty and one,
The guests were assembled for frolic and fun
At the mansion of Brian M'Clout :
For Brian that morning had been to rehearse
A speech where the words run " for better or worse,"
And had sent out his cards for a rout.

'Twas not in his island of gooseberry green,
That o'erflows with the milk of fresh butter, I ween,
And where pigs on potatoes are fed :
Oh no ! they had left that dear country, good lack !
To follow the banner of General Mack,
And grind flints into powder for bread.

Sure enough but he thought it disgrace, by his bones !
To leave breaking of heads for the pounding of stones ;
 Yet just was his *raison*, for why ?
Though murphies conglomerate one to the pound,
And the still works away like a merry-go-round,
 He had n't the coppers to buy.

No ! far, far away, from all islands the Queen,
From Donnybrook's glories and *rael potteen*,
 Did a group all so jocund repair :
Their very best brogues from their Uncle's they 'd got ;
And their bog-trotting trotters were jiggling a trot,
 In the purlieus of Bloomsbury Square.

The lasses were charming, the gossoons all fire,
While Thompson's blue ruin and Calvert's entire
 Went round with the cheering Ha ! ha !
Their whiskyless bowels beginning to fill,
Ould Ireland was toasted, and Rory M'Swill
 Roared the stanzas of " Erin go Bragh."

" By the powers," added he, " such an evening as this,
I have not enjoyed since the waking of Miss
 Phelina Kathlina's old dad."
When suddenly Brian, in midst of his glee,
Said, " Name not Phelina Kathlina to me !
 Spalpeen ! would you have me go mad ?"

The guests looked astonished, but Brian more cool,
Said, "Joy, gin and Calvert have made me a fool,—

Well you know how they mollify hearts."

Then he tossed down a bumper and forced up a smile,
Yet those who sat near him observed afterwhile

He was cheerful or mopish by starts.

Now the climax was hastening, while uproar and din
Re-echoed without and resounded within,

Till the sock-throwing mystery ceased :

The groom seized a goblet to drink them good night,
And the bridesmaids stood ready to put out the light,

And of course put an end to the feast.

More the pity such gambols as these could not last,
But the watchman was bawling out One o'clock past,

When a rustling was heard on the stair ;

And a figure, wrapped up in a mantle, stalked in,
With a yard of white coleraine tucked under her chin,
Such as corpses are 'customed to wear.

She paced to the bridegroom, and lifting her veil,
Uttered hoarsely, while Brian stood ghastly and pale,

"False man, I am come to thee here,

To remind thee of vows which ye swore for my sake,
To witness thy bridal and join in thy wake !"

Then a mixture she threw in his beer :

And grasping his hand, which still clung to the cup,
To his lips she conveyed it—he swallowed it up :

“ Now Brian, thou perjured one, see,
Thy wish is fulfilled, for the goblet ye hold
Is glued to thy fingers :—thy carcase turns cold,
For thou hast proved traitor to me.”

As she spoke, all assembled with horror amazed
Saw his face turning blue ; while his eyes, sunk and
 Appeared as if changed into tin : [glazed,
He bowed to the bride as she squatted in bed,
Then awfully glaring and nodding his head
 Strode off with the maid who ’d stalked in.

The horror-struck friends and the husbandless bride
In dismay saw the couple pair off side by side,
 And heard the last creak of the door :
Where they went, to this moment was never found
But Phelina Kathlina and Brian M’Clout, [out,
 Mysterious ! were heard of no more.

VII.

Reader refined ! I prithee not decry
My volume from this legendary story :
Mayhap you 'll find improvement by and by,
Amid the uncut pages yet before ye.
Better and more original I 'll try ;
But, if I fail, for pardon must implore ye.
Let writers in the grandeur of tautology
And epic bathos call upon the Nine,
Or every member of the old mythology,
To prop their insurmountable design ;
And on proceed, without the least apology
For wronging common sense in every line.
I quit the beaten track, with small pretence,
Simplicity my girdle of defence.

VIII.

The Syrens now are tuneless, or their aid
I might invoke, to sing my rhymes in alto ;
Extract a solo from some pensive naiad,
And bid the Tritons as in chorus fall to ;
Although, in truth, my over-copious measure
Would trespass largely on their sportive leisure ;

The vernal wreath of Flora's long since faded,
And as for Pegasus he's rather jaded.
On the vast surface of the crystal mark,
That bounds the flight of submarine eternal,
Like a bold Argonaut I launch my bark,
And freight it with these concentrated journals;
Light, peradventure, to sustain the shock
Of warring tempest and of hidden rock.

IX.

In my aquatic or terrestrial rambles,
I note the ruling passions of mankind,—
Am charmed with flowers, or annoyed with brambles,
The weeds and culture of the human mind;
And from remembrance, distant or diurnal,
Compile my memoranda, or my journal.
Hence dawned those opening wishes to explore
Regions far distant on the convex globe,
Where the resplendent sun delights to pour
His torrid beams, or where the sable robe
Of winter falls congealing, wild and drear,
Obscuring half the glories of the year;
And, partly gratified, in the Aspasia
Took a few trips to Africa and Asia.

X.

To view my fragile boat with paper sail
On the smooth surface of thy water glide ;
Reclining as it caught the gentle gale
To steer its varying course adown thy tide,
O Tawe ! oft have I delighted stood,
In innocence of thought and early years,
Upon the margin of thy rippling flood,
Musing with fluctuating hopes and fears
As each light billow tossed it on its brow,
With bosom agitated then as now.
Under such influence I bade adieu
To thee, my Cambria ; for e'en then I found
Refreshing sweetness in the gale that blew
An unchecked air of liberty around.

XI.

Who doth not feel the patriotic thrill
When musing on the land that gave him birth ?
Britain, "with all thy faults I love thee still !"
Dear is each mountain, plain, the torrent, rill,
The lordly mansion, and the humble hearth ;
Aright to prize thee, let thy free sons roam—

Their feet may wander, but their heart is home.
Britain, thou ocean gem ! how justly dear,
Compared with other realms, is thy green isle !
Who sighs for liberty ? Behold her here.
Who pines for beauty ? View her in the smile
Of thy bright daughters,—in the forms they bear.
Who seeks for happiness ? If she be found
To 'habit earth, she dwells on British ground.

XII.

“Trifles make up the sum of human bliss”
And woe, as chance or impulse leads the mind.
In my own case, a trifle such as this
Drew me to leave my native shores behind.
To bland philosophy what great events,
To arts and sciences what high intents,
Have sprung from trifles—witness steam and gas ;
And then on ancient usage cry, alas !
Trifles in youth, realities in age,
At least what we consider so indeed,
The younger and maturer hearts engage ;
They bound with transports or with sorrows bleed.
The warmth of love, the anguish of despair,
The' inspiring impetus, the chill of care,

XIII.

The source of poetry, the tide of joy,
The wild internal lava of excess,—
Revenge, deceit, pride, anger to alloy,
With every milder attribute to bless,
Take there their rise and fall—pity that fate
Hath left my own so often desolate.
Now pause—this metaphysical dissection
Requires elucidation ; if it be,
Indeed, the genuine source of poetry,
Pray give a better sample for inspection ;
Then will I place between the pouting lips
Of Mistress Clairville, to be sung or said,
A little lyric—judge ye if it trips
Forth from the heart, or mincing from the head.

THE WIDOW.

My hair was never yet confined,
But o'er my temples curled ;
For there was one who vowed it was
The finest in the world.

Now braid it round the pallid brow
His lips no more can press,
And close beneath the mourning tire
Conceal each vagrant tress.

The little beauty I may boast,
Which love once magnified,
I would enshroud, as they did him,
The morrow that he died.
And as below the mouldering sod
His manly frame decays,
E'en so contemporary fade
All he was pleased to praise.

Then place the widow'd symbol on,
Not as an outward show :
My stricken heart reciprocates
In sacred, ceaseless woe.
There's none to quell its throbblings now,
Or soothe the rising pang,
At thought on what a slender hold
Our best affections hang.

XIV.

From our own temperaments we draw our vein,
Some volatile, phlegmatic, or sanguineous,
Which now require the spur, and now the rein;
Some over watery, some over vinous,
Affecting in their turn the heart and brain
With moods and fancies truly heterogeneous ;
To cultivate, to prune, to urge, repress,
In each declension, or in each excess—
To draw a tropical and arctic line,
And say thus near approach, thus far retire,—
Is the analysis which I define
The art of equipoising each desire ;
That “ happy medium ” which was never mine
Nor theirs who twang the exhilarating lyre,
An art the sage philosopher may teach,
More difficult to practise than to preach.
The mind and body, that united pair
In matrimonial bond of near alliance,
Resemble marriages which often are
Formed on the principle of non-compliance ;
Or else, like those of love, (so very rare !)
Are ever billing, or at warm defiance.

XV.

Swift to the goal of passion is the foot ;
Keen to observe, the ever-watchful eye ;
And bear impressions, where impressions root
And branch around with tenfold energy,—
Especially the evil ones, which shoot
With rank and unrestrained redundancy.
In short, our free coadjutors of will
We should attempt to keep in due subjection ;
Such maxims I most earnestly instil,
Acknowledging my erring predilection :
Ne'er mind the man, but follow the physician,—
The politics, but not the politician.

XVI.

What is a book without preliminary,
To swell the paper and enhance the price ?
And in a work like this, of strange vagary,
Reader, or critic, be not over-nice.
The Muse resolves on making evolutions,
And looks to be encouraged in her vice :
She's in a hedgeless pasture, and her track
Is where she wills, like many a skittish hack,

Who scorns the reins and rider on her back.
Prithee then pardon her circumlocutions,
And quietly await the tardy fluxions
Of humour in her several introductions.
At times she may become methodical,
Neither restrained, nor episodal.

XVII.

'T is rarely I descend to personalities :
The "curs unwhipped of justice" for my pains,
In daring to reflect upon their qualities,
May pistolade or cudgel out my brains ;
Though some may be such sceptics as to doubt
Whether I've any brains to cudgel out.
It may be true,—yet, when I see the need
And truth impels me, they shall have their meed.
May I not scribble ? There is food enough
For dull prosaic and poetic fools,
Who rail, condemn, panegyryze and puff ;
Discarded satellites and pensioned tools,
They browse the thistles on Parnassian ways,
But stretch their necks in vain to reach the bays.

XVIII.

The literary Swiss, who damn for pelf,
(Far happier had they ne'er attained to letters !)
May urge as fact, I 'm a conceited elf,
Who fain would clip a morsel with my betters.
Know, my chief motive is to please myself,
Scorning the venal recompense or fetters ;
Then dauntlessly submerge your stump in ink,
Forward ! the motto : wait not to essay
Each sentence, word, and apophthegm—the link
Of poetry, like time, brooks no delay.
Thought after thought uprises to the brink,
Then like a bubble vanishes away :
Down with them, as they rise, like sparkling wines ;
The bard who slowly writes but rarely shines.

XIX.

After these turgid verses and full stop,
A brace of poems will I introduce ;
On what, when giddy youths the questions pop,
Occasionally may be found of use

To fill hiatus in their simple doings ;
When, having rung the change of technicalities,
Well understood and common-place in wooings,
And venturing o'er the pale of strict formalities,
They rival very turtle-doves in cooings,
And bears in rude familiarities.
I should have termed them kisses in my "Tale*."—
One is, "Reply to stanzas by a Lady,"
Sent me some few years since upon a May-day,
The other named "The Maid of Tawe's Vale."—

REPLY TO STANZAS BY A LADY.

Thy last is treasured,—
Oh say not the last,
Save of those numbered
In days that are past :
And kind is thy promise,
That where 't was imprest
No other shall rifle
Its haven of rest.

* In the numerical "Tale," or Table of Contents.

Though lonely I ponder
On joys that are fled,
The memory remains
Of those moments which sped
Like a halo of brightness,
A meteor that flies,
The breath of the whirlwind,
A glance from thine eyes.

Thy stanzas with feeling
And liveliness twine;
Would you ask me to choose?
Let the former be mine.
Thy sprightlier ideas
For others may flow;
But oh! let thy tenderest
For me only glow.

And long as the pulse
Of this bosom is known,
As long will one image
Inhabit alone.

Like gem of pure splendour,
Hid deep in its mine ;
What need I to tell thee
That image is thine ?

Again I revert to
That Hyblæan kiss,
That seal of affection,
Of sorrow and bliss.
For both were united,—
In *sorrow*, to part ;
In *bliss*, that it sprang from
The warmth of your heart.

Again will I venture
To claim it from lips,
More sweet than the blossom
From which the bee sips :
Once more on those test-books
Repeat the same vow,
To love thee as dearly—
I cannot say how !

As panteth the hind
For her lair in the brake,
As the soldier for fame,
With his honour at stake,—
As the seaman for home,
On the tempest-rid main,—
So I, till my eyes
Shall behold thee again.

THE MAID OF TAWÉ'S VALE.

Why do you tremble thus, my dear?
Be patient for a moment here.
Now let me view that little hand;
Its lines I fully understand.
Or, rather, from those speaking eyes
I'll read your thoughts without disguise.
They tell of love, but still to thee
Unknown is its intensity.
Coy one, advance! and let me show
What those sweet lips are fain to know.
And, past seventeen! must you be told
That seventeen summers' sun of gold
Expands the maid to woman's mould,—

Each opening beauty-bud matures,
And gives the richest tint to yours?
Past seventeen years! the very time
When love's extatic feelings prime:
They tinge your cheek with roseate dyes,
And stand detected in your eyes.
Let not your bosom swell with pride,
Such impulses it scarce can hide.
Ah! why that frown? thine arching brow
Looks strangely beautiful e'en now.
In beauty e'en a frown beguiles;
Nay, 't was a frown now changed to smiles.
Sweetest! believe no other grace
Equals a smile upon that face.
And may, through life, no blighting storm
Its pure serenity deform!
One little kiss!—By heaven I will!
So let those rebel hands be still.
One little kiss to bear in mind
The fairest maid I leave behind,—
One little kiss, as long adieu
To Tawe's lovely vale and you.
Though fate, alas! has marked a line
'Twixt seventeen years and twenty-nine,

This kiss shall a memento be
Of love? no,—friendship, proffered thee.
Yes! it shall be the compact sweet
That we have met—and when we meet
In time to come, I hope to find
Thee loved, and wedded to thy mind.
And when in solitude I stray,
Or wend through busy crowds my way,
Midst all that fancy can beget
Some forms will claim precedence yet.
Among the honoured, fair and good,
Endeared by friendly ties or blood,—
Among those visions flitting by
The ever-recollective eye,
That bear the stamp of innate truth,
Of beauty, innocence, and youth,—
Among the estimable tale,
Will be the Maid of Tawe's Vale.

XX.

This is my case—*ennui*, or fiends in blue,
At times indulge me with fantastic riot;
And when I'm in this enviable cue,
I call upon the Muse to keep them quiet.

Then strenuously belabour or entreat her,
In fustian, or in melancholic metre.
How oft, when steadier folks retire
To seek the calm repose which nature yields
To those who court her at the' accustomed time,
The poet then enjoys reflection, free from noise
And interruption, enemies to rhyme.
I, meanest of the ephemeral tribe,
Who vacillating lays inscribe,
Am wont at such an hour to trim my fire ;

XXI.

And then with earnestness adjust the tools
Of composition,—paper, pens and ink ;
Such as are wielded by wise men and fools,
By those who meditate, or vainly think !
But ne'er till now, with cool premeditation,
Meant to display before the public eye
Trifles perhaps unmeet for publication ;
Lacking the spirit-stirring energy
Of thought matured, of euphony and diction,
Of image, epigram and style,—in sooth,
What gives to truth the sprightliness of fiction,
And fiction the reality of truth.

XXII.

I've been of old a voyager, and crossed
Beyond the Tropics Capricorn and Cancer;
And many a sage inquiry, to my cost,
With open mouth have been obliged to answer,
When on the equinoctial girdle tossed,
By that old tridented grim necromancer
Neptune, with his lady in affinity,
A queerish piece of nautical divinity.
Thus ran one question of this moralist,—
Without prevarication or excuse,
If both the maid and mistress could be kissed,
Say, my young sea-babe, which of them you'd choose?
"The fairer, Daddy!" Here a dirty twist
Of hemp, yclept a swab, which sailors use
To mop the decks, was thrust against my teeth;
Then, souse, o'er head and ears in slops beneath.

XXIII.

(How different is the offering we pay
From what the bull-dog Romans did of old
To this aquatic god of ocean, bay,
Gulf, channel, strait, and so forth. Gold

Is a tribute he will not gainsay ;
But rum and backey, if the truth be told,
Propitiate best this monarch of the waves ;
Whose valet, then, more gently scrapes and shaves.)
So in the wanderings of a meaner bard,
Provided some degree of genius dwell
In what he gathers, 't would be very hard
To doom him to the depths of regions fell.
In absence of the loftier, statelier Muse,
Her humble handmaid we must not refuse.

XXIV.

There was a mind that comprehended all,
From the majestic to minute. Alas !
The hatchment in his desolated hall
Proclaims the spoiler victor in the pass,
That subjugated to his mighty thrall
The talented, the noble. Yes, there was
A minstrel, who in lofty swelling notes,
Expansive, metaphysical, bombastic,
Tender, pathetic, as he rhymes or quotes,
Intense, illimitable, grand, fantastic,
O'er fiction's vegetative region gloats,
Bounding o'er knolls of beauties, as elastic

And excursive as the chamois of the hill,
Or its wide torrent or its sparkling rill.

XXV.

Like to the former when he strays awhile,
To clip fresh blossoms as they spread beneath;
Then, trackless, wanders o'er some dark defile,
Again to gambol o'er the perfumed heath:
Like to the latter, from its marbly pile
Stupendous rushing; while a foamy wreath
Of liquified transparence onward pours,
Then glides along a level decked with flowers.
In present tense I speak, as if he *now*
With gifted eloquence and learned ease
Could with unshackled limitation trow,
And bring his satirists upon their knees,
To own with overstrained civilities
How much they'd under-rated his abilities.

XXVI.

Absent in body, present to the "mind's
Eye,"—while glowing language lives, as long
The ductile comprehensiveness that binds
Words harsh themselves mellifluous in thy song—

The flowing deshabelle and easy pace,
The courtly costume and the lowering grace,
By which thy varying muse alternately
Delights in homely guise or majesty,
Or fires the soul to deeds of high emprise—
As long as genuine poetry displays
Her witching power to music's softest vein—
As long as love is kindled from the eyes
Of beauty, e'en till time itself decays,
Thy living lays unrivalled must remain.

XXVII.

The master hand is still, the tongue is mute ;
The "poet's eye of fire" is beamless, dark.
None other will arise to sweep his lute,
While nations in ecstatic wonder mark
The sublimated song, the strain acute :
Or, rapt in reveries celestial, hark
To tones of sensitiveness, soft, magnificent ;
Now simply beautiful, now bursting to terrific.
Thy soul of poesy, a heaven-born light,
Effulging rays to the extremest limit :
Thy genius, as the orb of day, too bright
For minor planetary spheres to dim it :

Thy throne, the highest on the classic height :
Thy song—how vain is the attempt to hymn it !

XXVIII.

Who'll wield Jove's thunder ? Who resume the Duan
Of thine erratic though immortalized Don Juan ?
Or who, in cadence musically wild,
Follow the wanderings of thy moodful Childe ?
Far as the centre from the' attractive poles,
So far I humbly mingle in the train
Of the great wizard with those lesser ghouls
Who sometime in a sad or merry vein
Emit a spark of genius by surprize ;
That learned Thebans may exclaim, How wise !
And wonder at the glimmerings of knowledge
Such wildings had picked up at school or college—
Unmindful of the perils that environ
The wight who meddles with the muse of Byron.

TO GREECE.

Land of renown in history's bright pages !
Land once of freedom and glory !
The might of thy patriots, the light of thy sages,
Can ne'er be forgotten in story.

But centuries of darkness, of bondage, disgrace,
 Contrast with the lustre forerunning ;
And discord and bloodshed, alternate, keep pace,
 Remorseless, with treason and cunning.

Thy sons have bowed down ignominiously low,
 To the insolent tyrant a slave ;
Yes ! dastardly crouched, to be spurned by a foe,
 Who severed thy name from the brave.

Enfettered in body, enfeebled in mind,
 By apostasy's hand deeply seared,
Thy symbols of heaven thou gavest the wind,
 And those laws which thy fathers revered.

The renegade stalks o'er his brother's domain,
 A traitor to God and his friend ;
Accursed be his triumph, abridged be his reign,
 Which the sabre or bow-string shall end !

And where are those idols thy poets have sung,
 Which thy sculptors embodied at will,
O'er whom thy rapt painters enamouredly hung ?
 True models of symmetry still !

In form and in feature they still are the same,
But where are their beauties immured?
In the chamber of lust, in the harem of shame :
Say, Greeks, shall such wrongs be endured ?

The Crescent waves proud on thy pinnaced heights,
In a land which to heroes gave birth ;
And sterility stalks, with her ravaging blights,
Where fatness should cover the earth.

Will ye suffer the Moslem to boast at his shrine,
That your red-cross is trampled in dust ?
That your maids in captivity hopelessly pine,
While your swords, turned to manacles, rust ?

Will no bard in his mantle of augury dare
A change in thy spirit foretell ?
To energy rouse thee, with liberty's air,
From the island, the mountain, and dell ?

He need not—for ere that his prophecy close,
Like an eagle aroused from her nest,
She casts off the languor and dust of repose,
And starts from her troublesome rest.

The war-cry has rung! in thy mountains exist
 Rude bands which still nourish the flame :
 They rush from their fastnesses, through the dark mist,
 To recover their country and name.

The Klephtes, the hind, and the Candiotte horde
 Round the banner of liberty throng ;
 They flourish at last the retributive sword,
 And join in the heart-stirring song.

E'en the bandit is roused, whose fell blade until now
 Ne'er gleamed but for rapine or gold :
 He joins in the onslaught, recording his vow
 For liberty, reckless and bold.

Botzaris has fallen, as falleth the brave,
 Where a host of the enemy stood ;
 And the hero of Scio has purpled the wave
 With his own and with infidel blood.

Thy star has been darkened, not totally lost,—
 Renown is still left thee to give :
 With the patriots and heroes thy annals can boast
 Let these to eternity live.

XXIX.

A theme of him who proudly led the van
Of modern bards has interspersed my song.
I once, perhaps, too daringly began
Some flights in style and manner that belong
To—pshaw ! but I 'll not name them, or 'twould be
Like a vile dauber, who must underwrite
The titles of his portraits.—This, you see,
Is a fine likeness of the Duke of W. ;
These of Lords X. and L. ; yet, not to trouble you
With indices intentionally trite,
I only mean (and cannot well do less)
To head the imitations with a line,
And hint that in the following design
I give the style of—blank—and let you guess.

IMITATION OF * * * *.

When the tinge of the moon's pale beams are cast
So beautiful o'er earth and ocean,
Or when twilight lingering looks her last,
And branches wave in lulling motion ;
When flowers their dewy fragrance yield,—
Then should lovers range the field.

When the rook faintly caws, then sinks to rest,
Reposing late and early soaring ;
When the vesper hymn of the sweet red-breast
Along the dell is softly pouring ;
When springing buds their breath exhale,—
Then should lovers seek the vale.

When the songstress of night is heard beneath
The sloping mount with verdure hanging ;
When the stars have formed their glimmering wreath,
And distant village bells are clanging—
To add a charm to such a scene,
Then should lovers pace the green.

IMITATION OF * * * *.

A FRAGMENT.

Hark ! 't is the halcyon's piercing note,
As, scared by the' approaching fisher's boat,
He seeks the depths of the wavy dell,
Amid whose verdure he loves to dwell.
There, where the river a crescent forms,
Sheltered from glare and autumnal storms,

And where nature a barrier of foliage weaves
In wild festoons to its very eaves,
Appears a cottage or hermitage,
With only one dweller, like bird in a cage,—
Or call it a prison, or call it a home,
No wish has the captive or inmate to roam.
She limits her view to one fixed spot
Of fatal remembrance—all else is a blot.
Oh ! once thought I, the deep-stricken heart
Might, from the busy world apart,
Nurse its sorrows and loneliness
In its own and this solitude's fair recess,
Where no condemning or pitying eye
Could witness its wasting agony ;
Until, as rust upon a blade
 Sinks deeper by its own corroding,
Or the slow ruin time hath made
 Insensibly, but onward, goading
Unto the last interminable bourn,
It rests where mourners cease to mourn.
'Tis there, although in fanciful tire,
The beauties of nature we calmly admire ;
With the bold rock above, from whose dizzy height
Launches the bird of adventurous flight ;

And the dark pool below seeming scarcely in motion,
And the mid-stream on dashing, like wave of the
[ocean,
Were doomed to destruction—the tale, oh ! too well
Yon lone bereaved mother and widow can tell !

* * * * *

XXX.

I walked upon the margin of the tide,
Near where the streams of Severn and of Wye
Mingle their waters, and I viewed beside
Each other, near a tree, which the rude blast
Or current had displaced, a youthful pair :—
The one a maiden, whose reluctant eye
Was o'er the intervening landscape cast
With such a look as if she looked her last ;
Then turned with resignation in her air,
And smiled upon her lover through her tears,
A smile that told alike of fond regret,
Of woman's confidence and woman's fears,—
A smile that lover never can forget,
E'en should he number here a thousand years.

XXXI.

And sure if aspect ever could express
The' intensity of new-born happiness,
Did his, as in his nervous close embrace
Were hid the blushes of her beauteous face.
I onward passed,—their accents scarcely heard—
To mark their features' mute intelligence,
To note their actions, and thus glean the sense,
Was as if glowing language had averred
The whole of such an eloquent appeal
To one who may have felt, or still doth feel,
The throbbing joy when the first kiss imprest
On unreluctant lips, whose richness fed
The sympathetic cheeks with half their red,
Convinced him loved, esteemed, accepted, blest !

XXXII.

A tardy week elapsed, and they were one—
One heart, one soul, united in that band
Of love's own braiding, which must ever be
A bond of happiness or misery.
In other words, they went to church and wedded ;
And, soon as the eventful rite was o'er,

Took an affecting leave of Pa and Ma,
To grapple fortune in a distant land,
That El Dorado, North America.
When in a five weeks' trip they boarded, bedded,
Read novels and romances, played backgammon,
Wrote, sang, caught halibut instead of salmon,
And sniffed sea-breezes on the quarter-deck
Of the Bristolia, chartered for Quebec.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO HIS
MISTRESS.

Wilt thou brave the menaced dangers,
Angry winds and foaming sea,—
Follow to a land of strangers,
And—can I ask it—follow me?
All the sweets of home forsaking,
Hallowed joys, domestic bliss,—
In another clime awaking,
Say, wilt thou not pine for this?
Fond parental looks that cheer thee,
Kindred love and friendly hand,—
All the ties that now endear thee
To thy cherished native land?
Ask thy heart, and if it tell thee
Thou canst these forego, then fly

Where love, honour would impel thee,
Here to this bosom,—try, oh try !
Scenes afar will firmly bind us,
Where we rear our humble dome ;
Native voices will remind us
Of our distant island-home.
We have watched the current gliding
Down the' meand'ring banks of Wye,
And its feeding streamlets sliding
O'er some steep declivity.
Still, sweet night-bird, cheer thy lover !*
Wing with melody the breeze ;
Still aerial warblers hover
'Mid thy undulating trees.
Still be dear thy rippling waters,
Music in their pensive sound ;
Guileless still thy vestal daughters,
Lovelier there can scarce be found.
Soon, mayhap, the Rapids roaring
Will our admiration thrall ;
Or Niagara's torrent pouring
On its grand stupendous fall.

* The lover or admirer of that beautiful river.

To fate's decision ever flexible,
In whatever quarter hurled,
Where thy smiles shall cheer thy exile,
There will be his only world.
Should the forest or savanna
Be our preordained recess,
Hearts that love will find their manna
In the darkest wilderness.
That sun will shine on us as brightly,
Though he tinges Erie's wave ;
Yon pale moon will charm us nightly,
Ere within its breast she lave.
But a truce to sad emotion ;
Weep thy tear, and breathe thy sigh ;
Then with ardour and devotion
O'er the swelling billows hie !
See them now in fleeces curling,
Mark yon clouds that westward sail ;
View our bark, whose sails unfurling
Soon will catch the favouring gale.
And I'll answer, the wild rover
Of the vast Atlantic sea
Never, in his passage over,
Bore a fairer maid than thee.

XXXIII.

Such were the sentiments and words I deemed
Prevailed upon the maid o'er seas to roam ;
Such the construction of the look that beamed
In softened glances toward her peaceful home ;
Recalling in that evanescent space
Matured enjoyment, and the early trace
Of infantine remembrance. Oh, how dear
The' association of that hallowed sphere !
Dear to the failing pilgrim, who uprears
The hope indulgent, that his weary head
May find its latest resting-place upon
The mouldering bosom from whose lymph he fed :
Dear to the banished wanderer, who despairs
That such a bliss awaits a guilty son :

XXXIV.

Dear to the voluntary emigrant, who views
The shore receding with a farewell gaze,
Till, lost in darkness or surrounding haze,
In sorrowing meditation he pursues
His train of thought ; and oft upon his brain
Recurr the mournful truth,—“ Oh, ne'er again

Shall I behold each well-remembered spot ;
Or note the sun gild with his morning rays
The village steeple and our rustic cot,
Wherein transpired the summer of our days.
Blessed scenes, adieu ! the parting pang is past :
This not unmanly tear shall be the last.
Still happiness is mine, where'er I roam,
I've living joys to constitute a home."

XXXV.

The tide of emigration bears away
To that fair land where formerly our sires
Exiled their kin,—still persecution's sway
Thrusts with an outstretched arm that never tires,
Not now the zealot and the puritan,
Or liegeman of a fallen faith and race,
(For each in turn familiarized the ban,)
But, to our rulers' infinite disgrace,
The hardy labourer and artizan :
They o'er the' Atlantic's boisterous ocean trace
Their course, amid privations hard to bear,
Yet scarce exceeding what they felt before ;
When want and hopelessness combined to sear
Their phrensied bosoms to their inmost core.

XXXVI.

And for what cause? One victim let me take
Forth from the hosts who, melancholy, throng
Within our ports, resolving to forsake
Their native country rather than prolong
A life at home of misery and pain.
One hapless peasant from the rural train
Shall with his pithy artlessness express
The direful reason: 't is a tale well known,
But yet not limited to him alone;
Imprisoned hundreds share his wretchedness.
As far as does the damning fact extend,
The very words shall be preserved, as near
As rhyme and style allow me to perpend,
Of one complainer in such humble sphere.

THE COTTAGER'S COMPLAINT*.

Beside a wood I reared my cot
And tilled my spot of ground;
But in that wood did pheasants, hares,
And other game abound.

* Written in 1831, during the prevalence of insubordination
in the agricultural districts.

I sowed a rood of yellow corn
 To gain my children bread,
And had a bushel for my pains,
 When it was harvested.
My little David watched it well ;
 Yet spite of whoops and yaws,
Came covey after covey there
 To cram their hungry maws.
The keepers' splay-feet trode it down,
 The gentlemen's still harder ;
Still, many a head of dainty game
 It fattened for their larder.
My turnips, greens, and cabbages,
 Laid tidily in squares,
Made most delightful suppers for
 The rabbits and the hares.
I bore these crosses like a man,
 And only toiled the more,
To drive sorrow from my bosom
 And want beyond my door.
Before and after working hours
 I ever was employed,
Preparing land for other crops
 Again to be destroyed.

I went one morn at sunrise
My fences to repair,
When from beneath the hawthorn row
There bounded out a hare.
The Devil urged my luckless hand,
My billhook struck his nob ;
Thought I, like other criminals,
I 've done a rueful job.
But repentance came too late,
A gamekeeper was near,
And I was doomed to pine in gaol
A quarter of a year.
Poor Mary and the young ones wept ;
In vain was their appeal ;
For such a vile delinquent
No magistrate could feel ;
And as for squalling brats and wife,
The workhouse was too good ;
While coarsest fare for their supply
Was over-bounteous food.
At length, my dreary time expired,
I left those dismal walls,
Where persecution's victims moan,
And guilt for mercy calls ;

And found my home a wilderness :
A horrid thought possessed
My better feelings,—dire revenge
Now occupied my breast.
With desperate fellows like myself
I ranged abroad at night ;
Of Mary's mild remonstrances,
With bitterness, made light.
Well armed, we scoured the country round,
And killed some scores of game,
And, if opposed, had vowed to serve
The keepers just the same.
Thank God ! they did not dare approach ;
From blood I 'm guiltless yet,
And though my anger long has cooled,
I cannot quite forget.
Reason and sense at last prevailed,—
There I 'd no longer stay ;
We sold our little plot of ground,
And forced ourselves away.
With heavy but with trusting hearts
Another home we seek,
Where former thralldom forced its bands
Beyond the Chesapeake.

Shame on the' upholders of such deeds,
A peasant's curse be theirs !
And blessings rest upon his house,
Who, nobly striving, dares
Expunge from our ancestral code
Those penalties and pains
That cast such hapless trespassers
To misery or chains.
Could justice frame these heartless laws ?
Pure equity says, no !
They are enacted by the rich
But to trample on the low.
The many-acred lord
Can influence the decree,
Which says, "this hind shall suffer," or
"That sycophant go free."
Boast not of British freedom,
While statutes thus pollute,—
Boast not our tree of liberty
While blood manures its root.
From such a simple act as this
What mischiefs have ensued !
The hand, by desperation raised,
In gore has been imbrued.

The midnight band at first assailed
 Turn on their hated foe,
Till, goaded to revenge their wrongs,
 Foul murder aims the blow.
The hapless wretches doomed to die
 Survey the crowd beneath,
As execrations loud and deep
 Are uttered at their death.
Or, torn from every dearer tie
 That constitutes their bliss,
Some expiate in a foreign land
 Progressive crime in this.

Arm, Normans, arm ! in grand battue,
 Your game by thousands slay,
Depopulate whole villages,
 And sweep your clans away.
Spread your retainers far and wide ;
 Enlarge your vast preserves,
Well do ye know how sylvan war
 Invigorates the nerves.
Hurrah for cover, stubble-field,
 The glories of the chase !

Nor mind the sighs, the groans, the tears,
That trickle down the face
Of any rude plebeian serfs,
Who tilled your wide domain—
Yea, let them sorrow for that home
They ne'er shall see again.
Others, subdued by urgent want,
With patriot yearnings take
The last farewell of a bright land
In which they hold no stake.
Where do they fly? the sails are spread
To bear beyond the waves
The migratory bands afar,
Far from their fathers' graves.
Oh! may the mother, maiden, sire,
In other regions find
Serenest joys where'er they roam
Than all they leave behind.
For friendships severed, loves renounced,
May Heaven a balm supply,
And resignation soothe the griefs
That sadden each bright eye!
May all who quit their native soil,
If guiltless be the cause—

Whether from wrongs or poverty,
Or arbitrary laws—
Remember in their sojournings
The land that gave them birth,
The dearest and the greenest spot
That beautifies this earth.
And as each embryo state is formed,
And commonwealths arise,
Spirit of British Laws—prevail !
Protective, just and wise.
For that is pure ; 'tis the abuse,
By tyranny and lust,
Of wealth, of power, and pride that grinds
Our peasants to the dust.
They are the sinews of our strength,
Our sure defence in war,
The source whence all our lordlings sprang,
And they are nobler far.
They till our land, they man our fleet,
They draw the soldier's blade ;
Give them their rights, and Britain's sun
Will never, never fade.

Blame not the bard—his humble verse
Is meant but to instil
Feeling in those who have the means,
But yet who lack the will,
With liberal heart and hand to raise
Their vassals from the earth,
Bid plenty crown their festive board
And cheerfulness their hearth—
Support the aged and infirm,
Instruct the rising youth,
And in their earliest lessons blend
The all-important truth—
To rear the cot, to mete the plot
For garden or for grain,
Nor grudge the maid a marriage dower
To recompense her swain—
To banish calculating views,
With sin and folly rife,
Which mar the great primeval law
And check the stream of life.

Blame not the bard—no traitorous word
Shall fan the vengeful ire

That desolates a thriving land
 With rapine, blood, and fire.
Ye hardy sons of Albion, pause,
 Your lawless acts forbear !
Stern retribution and remorse
 Close follow in their rear.
Will ye with sacrilegious hands
 God's temples too defile,
And with unhallowed ruin blend
 In one conflagrant pile
The mechanism of your hands,
 The bread for which ye toil ?
Await the day—mayhap it dawns—
 When discord's yell shall cease,
And ye shall wake the holier strain
 Of liberty and peace !

Lord of domains ! survey your leagues ;
 Ascend the' extremest height—
It is your own, as far as soars
 The merlin in its flight.
Yours is the mountain, valley, plain ;
 And 'tis a beauteous scene,

When Spring bedecks your woods and fields
With vegetative green.
Here shelving rocks, and mazy walks,
And silvery streams are found—
Pastures, with wild-flowers spangled o'er,
Where flocks and herds abound.
Vain man, exult not! you have yet
A nobler work to see—
Industrious hands upraised to bless—
One happy family.
Oh, shame to say! within a range
By nature formed so fair,
The peasant is the only one
That droops and withers there.

XXXVII.

By turns and snatches I have lulled myself
Into forgetfulness of things around,
Preferring vain imaginings to pelf—
The jingle of iambics to the sound
Of tinkling symbols, such as augur wealth.
For this the plunderer stalks, the lawyer pleads,
The miser languishes, the soldier bleeds.

For which ambition, honour, fame and health
Are sacrificed—and, when attained, declare
An insufficient virtue to allay
The bitterness of shame, the moil of care,
That canker-worm which gnaws from day to day.
If riches be the root of every evil
I'll square accounts right speedy with the ——

XXXVIII.

I cavil not at wealth because I 'm poor,
Nor, like Diogenes, prefer a tub—
(He was at best a most unsocial cub.)
Give me a mansion with an open door,
To' admit without precedence a friend
In need, with one who lacks not aught
That I could joyfully bestow or lend,
Except the mutuality he sought.
Give me a room for privacy and books—
Land—though curtailed to strict agrarian line—
A loved companion, in whose cheerful looks
I read the gladness she perceives in mine—
These, with a steady pulse and mind contented,
Make life pass happier than represented.

THE INVITATION.

Seizing Time's hindmost lock I fix
The terminating day
Of eighteen hundred thirty-six
To pen a short essay.

As for my thoughts, in these I mean
To be sincere as plain ;
And if they fly to where I mean,
Let them not wing in vain :

But, by exchange in rhyme or prose,
Send them with interest back ;
Accept a thistle for a rose,
A minnow for a jack.

Still better if you come yourself
To spend the New Year's day :
We 'll put old Janus on the shelf,
And fancy it is May.

And I will shave my visage—hush !
This 'tween ourselves, you know ;
It shall not even raise a blush,
As it was wont to do.

Fain would I May's delightful hours
And woodland lays recall,
Or cull for you the choicest flowers
That root beneath my wall.

Yet, if you range my garden-plot
The primal buds to greet,
You 'll find them there—but touch them not !
They are real snowdrops sweet.

No shrub except the laurel weaves
Its coronals of green ;
How like a real friend ! its leaves
Alone unchanged are seen.

Yet, if you search my garden round,
The gem of the parterre
Can only in yourself be found—
No need of Flora there.

Come! there is beauty in the view
That skirts my cot around,
The glacier'd mountains white and blue,
In wintry garments bound.

Each hill and vale, as sunk to sleep,
Is lovely in repose—
Lovely when sunbeams bid them leap
And bloom like Sharon's rose.

Still doubly so if that I could
Embrace the wide expanse,
And see each sloping knoll and wood
Through your admiring glance.

XXXIX.

But with contracted means and petty troubles,
Which in the aggregate amount to much,
Though singly may be estimated bubbles,
'T is difficult to laugh them off as such,
And deem a blessing what appears a curse—
Namely, the horrors of a wasting purse;
Especially when at the door is heard

Your suitor's awful voice, and straight appears
The man with words more cutting than his shears.
Trifling in such a case seems quite absurd :
'T is difficult to laugh away such dun,
Or pay your butcher's "dittoes"—with a pun
The absence of your shoemaker command
By waxing witty, or such

NOTES OFF HAND.

Poor as a rat, yet in a land of plenty,
My ten-pound note must do the work of twenty.
The first great item presently to dish up
Is brought for grocery to mistress Bishop :
Again I con the varied pothooks o'er,
And find the' amount five pounds—no less or more.
Appalling sum ! yet, in sad truth to say,
'T is fairly due, and I must promptly pay.
Alas ! that words, though decked in varied graces,
Should not pass current like great Henry Hase's.
"Madam ! I guess your taste—your bill is long—
Allow me to repay you with a song,
The genuine composition of my pen—
I'll sing it you in flat or sharp—ahem !"

“Excuse me, tuneful sir, I’m loath to carp,
But this is flat, my creditors are sharp.
For me no bard shall overstrain his throat,
I’ll only trouble you for half that note.”

XL.

No, ’t is in vain, their matter-of-fact faces
Damp all the ardours of a *jeu-d’esprit*
Given with proper action and grimaces—
They seem as callous as a broomstick. He
Who took an order so obsequiously,
With his prosaic truth puts in a wedger,
And, worse than the Jew Shylock, claims the pounds
As due by his chronometer the ledger.
Patience at length exhausted beyond bounds,
You turn as surly as a half-fed hedger—
Dare him to do his worst—he does his best.
Then comes the legal gentleman’s request—
Writ and concomitant; thus thrice you pay
The sum intended on an earlier day.

XLI.

I know but one, a sort of Colonel Crocket,
Who has the knack of passing jokes for cash,

And draws upon his wit instead of pocket,
Making his creditors accept the trash.
Enter an artiste with a rueful phiz,
Mumbling as usual—"heavy sum—long standing—
Traveller arrived—lose credit—broad-cloth riz—"
Then urges, with an eloquence commanding,
Immediate payment of his little bill.
Answer as usual—"sorry—inconvenient—
Hare—brace of snipes as interest—wait until
The thirty-first of June—now most obedient—
Vanish—laugh loud and thank me at the door,
Or, mind me, you shall wait a twelvemonth more.

XLII.

Worse plagues than locusts are our hungry lawyers :
Law and rapacity too oft keep paces,
For, aided by the technical decoyers
Qui tams and latitats and fieri facias,
They ruthless spread the flame of discord far,
'Twixt friends and kindred urge destructive war,
And with true cat-and-monkey dealing hold
The figurative scales, alternately
Upraised or sunk, as ponderating gold
Prevail o'er reason, sense, and equity.

Oh ! I have seen Law's desolation sweep,
And mourned the ruin of a noble mind,
Nor think it yet effeminate to weep
The generous, compassionate and kind ;
Still with pure reverence and love sincere
Will rise affection's tributary tear.

XLIII.

" *Pro rege, grege, lege* !"—very just
And patriotic also up to *grege* ;
But, as a motto or a toast, I must
Make some exception to the latter—*lege*.
In civil cases oft corrupt and venal,
And rudely savage in our statutes penal,
Justice being ever represented blind,
A sword and balance dangling from her paws,
Is very emblematic of the kind
And equal ministration of our laws,
Where blood is the great penalty assigned
For the infringement of a simple clause.
'T is death alike, without or sense or reason,
For stealing lambkins or committing treason*.

* Written before the amelioration of the criminal code.

XLIV.

The filching groats upon our Queen's highway
Has doomed full many an enterprizing garçon,
To wait a final sentence on that day
When bootless is the benefit of parson ;
Which our forefathers offered as a meed
To literary rogues who' d learnt to read.
Abhorrent is the sanguinary code,
Remnant of monkish and barbaric zeal,
Engraven deep in characters of blood
By hearts of adamant and pens of steel.
Despairing mercy flies the dark abode
Where vengeance, trampling on the common weal,
A brutal policy and reasoning furthers
By equalizing forgeries and murthers.

XLV.

I pity my Lords Justices, who try men,
And send them to the gallows in a carriage
Or hurdle, as the case is. I would tie men
In no such lasting bonds, save those of marriage.
None fit a noose like Messieurs Ketch and Hymen,
Nor will I their abilities disparage.

Their knots endure till death, though some say wives
Only transport us for our natural lives.
Let knaves be made a stigma and a ban,
Branded, imprisoned, set at public works,
Or exiled to the fairy-land of Van,
And only immolate the murderous Burkes.
Each felon may be useful to a man
Without coercing them like Moors or Turks.
Thank Heaven ! our senators have seen the error
Of gibbeting such articles of terror.

XLVI.

Draco still sits in panoply of state,
With wig be-powdered, and enwrapt in ermine :
Stern in solemnity, he dooms a fate
Which reason joined to pity would determine
Far different in result—the crime would check,
Yet mercifully spare the culprit's neck.
The homeless, houseless wretch, reduced to prow
Like beast of prey, urged by the sharpest goad,
Fell poverty, to actions which his soul
Abhors, feels by degrees the guilty load
Accumulate—he grasps the' exciting bowl,
Braves every danger and essays the road,—

Is tried, convicted, and with chaplain's benison,
Swings off—whereby we lose a useful denizen.

XLVII.

I'd not inculcate by such observation
Distress to be apology for crime ;
But as a punitive extenuation
I will maintain it is at any time.
And is he tried by twelve, that mystic number ?—
In many cases one decides his dole.
Juries, 't is libelled, do not much encumber
(At least when they conceive late dinners cool)
Their noddles with dry points ; of legal lumber
They guess his lordship's knowledge-box is full—
The slightest hint from him will oftentimes
Save or condemn a man of many crimes.
Experience proves 't is often difficult
To find twelve men in sentiments combining,
Ready to bring about the same result,
And who prefer long arguments to dining.
Most yield to the majority, or judge,
Who never, 't is allowed, decides from grudge.

XLVIII.

But to preserve some plan, instead of strolling
Too far beyond the rail-road of our theses,
'T is right to end the present rigmarolling,
Although this vile *scribendi cacöethes*
Will ever and anon induce such trolling,
In spite of sage scholastic Abernethies,
Who with their critic acumen may be
Inclined to cauterise our epopee.
Besides we 've wasted time in demi-prosing,
Enveigled in the trammels of the law,
Whose insipidity has set us dozing
Away as fair an eve as Adam saw,
When Raphael displayed before his eyes
The wonders and the knowledge of the skies.

XLIX.

How thought our sire, when, from the plastic clay
Fresh moulded by the hand omnipotent,
His dawning senses opened to the day,
And undefined vision did present
The beaming of the first prismatic ray,
Or when at night the starry firmament

Unrolled in chastened splendour an outlay
Of studded worlds, minute, magnificent !
’Twere vain to speculate ; created pure,
One moment earth—the next, perceptive man,
Drawing the breath of life, erect, mature—
Image of Him who formed the glorious plan.
This do we feel, though years may work a change
In sentiment and judgment, life and action—
We tread no more where we have loved to range—
Attained enjoyments bring no satisfaction—
From objects once desired we estrange,
As cooled by tangibility and paction.
There is a view doth neither fail nor pall,
Which but increases marvel and delight,
Seen when the deeper shades of evening fall,
Intensely pure, interminably bright !
From the first moment reason can recall
Her vague ideas, till this orb-lit night,
New admiration fills the inquiring mind,
And winged conception leaves fresh worlds behind.

THE ABBEY.

The silent morn has mildly shed
A radiance o'er the ocean-bed,
While many a dimpled wave is seen
Curling with foam of lucid green.
The stars pour forth their lustre too,
And nightingales the evening woo.
Where is the bard that doth not love
At such a tranquil time to rove?
What eye so dull, what heart so cold,
That unenlivened can behold
The beauties of an evening sky—
The ethereal hue, the mellow dye,
That tinges all the landscape o'er,
Bespangling rich the crystallised shore—
Nor feel within a holy calm,
Assuasive as the genial balm
Distilled from Spring's reviving flowers,
Which have not known those sunny hours
That brighter tints to view display,
And by expansion court decay?
The primrose and the violet
With scintillating dew are wet,

Adding their odours to the gale
That gently sweeps the river vale.

How fit for contemplation, where
Creation's handiworks declare
The Master Power that formed the whole,
And gave to man a living soul—
A soul that will outlive the shock
That rends yon monumental rock,
When riven worlds to ruin pass,
And blend in one chaotic mass !
Here bring the sceptic—let him try
The strength of infidelity :
Bid him look up—what does he view ?
One deep immensity of blue,
Which, as the evening sinks to night,
Will fill with moving orbs as bright
To other spheres as is our sun,
When that its mid-day goal is won.
Then let him cast his eyes below,
Where draining river-waters flow
To ocean's caves, again to rise,
Descend in showers and fertilize

With quickening verdure ; and the green
That clothes the vegetative scene.
How oft have I enraptured gazed
In admiration lost, amazed,
The wonders of the heavens to see
In harmonized variety ;
Or pondered on those worlds we trace,
Diversified through endless space !
Oft have I meditative stood,
Regarding mountain, dale, and flood ;
Nor e'en escaped the toiling rill
That gurgles forth from yonder hill
To urge the rural village mill ;
Beyond which stands a reverend pile
That o'er the landscape seems to smile,
With turrets reared amid the trees,
Now moving with the western breeze.
There might romantic ardour stray,
And scenes of olden time pourtray ;
When those age-stricken crumbling walls,
And ivy-verdured arched stalls
Contained a dedicated throng,
And echoed with their worship-song—

Pause in some secret dark alcove,
Where breathed the sigh of hopeless love.
In vain the wretched devotee
Pined for a world and liberty ;
For, ah ! the world hath many a charm
When youth exults and pulse beats warm,
Yet unrestrained by maxims sage,
Or " cold experience taught by age."
Immured beneath sepulchral towers,
Recalled he not those happy hours
When passion first his bosom swayed ;
The image of his dark-eyed maid
In nature's loveliness serene,
His idol and the hamlet's queen ?
Lowly, alas ! alas ! that worth
Should sink in estimate to birth,
Or hideous splendour—sordid gold—
For such should happiness be sold ?

And did he feel what should be felt
When at the sacred fane he knelt ?
His lips spoke penitence and prayer,
But still the heart was wanting there.

Did swelling anthems pour along ?
Then thought he of another's song—
That song of homely theme, yet dear
As rans-de-vache to mountaineer.
He was not formed to bend the knee
In daily cold monotony
Before a God that mortals paint,
Or carved divinity or saint.
Mayhap, in some Madonna's face
Of mild expression he would trace
Ideal lineaments of one
He never more may look upon ;
And marvel that chance art should limn
Features so idolized by him.
His should have been a holier shrine,
Where springing tendrils intertwine
In blossomed wreaths around, above—
Fit temple for the God of love
And boundless mercy, who disdains
Ascetic vows and willing pains.
His should have been an altar made
Where the eternal Alps are laid
Coeval with the world—there he
Could worship midst sublimity.

'T is vain to consecrate the spot—
Is there a place where God is not ?

By forced expedience doomed to dwell
In the seclusion of a cell ;
Since manhood dawned, he ne'er had seen
Religion in her gentler mien.
Though dedicate to her employ,
His was the form without the joy :
Doubt, apathy, and languor stole
Over his energies of soul :
Then vesper chime and matin peal
Awakened not his slumbering zeal,
But sadness and despondency
Prevailed where peace of mind should be.
Silent he paced the chequered aisle—
A phrenzied start or withering smile
Alone revealing there was yet
One torturing anguish to forget.
And what he hoped for came at last,
Unconsciousness to all the past—
A void without or joy or pain ;
He neither smiled nor spoke again—
Save when the fated hour drew nigh
He heavenward cast his failing eye,

While a few faltering words expressed
The latent prayer that moved his breast ;
And as the mortal struggle wrung,
Her name was last upon his tongue—
The victim of parental pride
Despairing lived, heart-broken died.

There “ young ambition’s ” thoughts were given
Distinct from those that lead to Heaven :
Far different views his fancy dressed
Than churchman’s vow and sluggard’s rest.
To wear away his youthful prime
Beneath the sound of Abbey chime,
Seemed worse to him than noisome cell
Under close ward of infidel :
For, ere arrived that cheerless day,
He ’d hope from many a bloody fray
To bear no undistinguished name
’Midst warriors in the field of fame.
A man of blood in truth was he,
Wearing the garb of sanctity :
E’en such an one as joined those bands
Pizarro led through unknown lands ;

Who, with infatuated zeal,
Upheld the crucifix and steel;
And gave the murderous word that threw
Horror and death o'er rich Peru.
In vain to fetter him to form—
The tourney, battle-field, and storm
Portray to mind his proper sphere,
Where in the charge and wild career
Of knightly lances, glittering bright,
Armed with a Cœur de Lion's might,
He deals around the deadly blow
On Christian or on Pagan foe—
Till days' succeeding sameness cloy
The early taste for warlike joys.
His hopes a different range declare—
The purple, and the Papal chair
In nursed imagination gleams
The goal of his fantastic dreams.

Years roll apace :—mark the same man
Dejected, disappointed, wan ;
From rigorous exercise of rules
Experienced in monastic schools ;

Desires unsatiated, still
The bondman of prospective ill ;
Or, from his visionary world
Of self-created being hurled,
He finds how fleeting and impure
Its blandishments ; which did but lure
To pride, ambition, and those gauds
True wisdom scorns, but folly lauds—
Turns to that one, that only Power,
To cheer him in his dying hour ;
There firm in hope he trusting hies,
And in that hope exulting dies.

Not all such votaries : often there
Ascended solemn fervent prayer.
Not limited to roof or spire
The holy strain or Christian fire ;
It glows beneath the monkish vest,
It warms the saintly virgin's breast.
That emanation is divine,
Nor fixed to sect, nor bound to shrine.
There learning granaried her hoard,
There spread the hospitable board,

There sheltered innocence was led,
The weary traveller healed and fed—
There, “blessed by all the country round,”
The good Samaritan was found.

I court reflections such as these,
When undulate those ancient trees
In towering grandeur overhead ;
Beneath, the living and the dead—
The dead of bygone years—one pall
Of green luxuriance covering all.
The living—he who seeks their shade
To note the havoc Time hath made,
And on the solitary spot
Muse o’er his own predestined lot,
Or draw a moral from the scene,
Comparing it with what hath been—
The living—he, the lonely one,
Those soothing, saddening thoughts hath known,
When melancholy dimmed his brow—
But truce to such sensations now.

Surely a night like this imparts
A warmer glow through lovers’ hearts :

An influential softness steals,
And what it meant not still reveals.
Now love may urge, nor sue in vain—
No gelid frown of low disdain
Quenches the ardour of that fire
Which hallowed passion should inspire.
There is an eye of placid sheen
Admired beyond this gorgeous scene ;
There is the fairy form of one
Than all I love to gaze upon !
Contemning not the powerful hand
That formed the sky, the sea, the land—
But what those empyrean orbs
That contemplative mind absorbs—
What the productive earth and sea ?
Each a vast, void immensity,
If, that the fairest work undone,
Man had been doomed to muse alone.
Woman, the crowning whole declared !
All had been blank unless were shared
With thee the ecstasy that springs
From such sublime imaginings.
And, to descend from loftier themes,
To greenwood knaps and winding streams,

Or valleys beautifully spread,
Where the lone herdsman's charge is fed—
Without thee these were chill and bare—
Unfelt the breath of morning air ;
The liquid melody unheard
Of murmuring brook and tuneful bird ;
And e'en the lily of the vale
Might vainly all its sweets exhale.
For gentler purposes designed,
Exalted, dignified, refined ;
Thy dominance prevails through life
As mother, sister, friend, or wife :
Thy soft allurements bear the charm
Of innate purity ; to warm,
Grace, love, and peerless beauty blend
In power that every power transcend.
One fair, amid the beauteous throng,
Under my guidance roves along
The margin of yon silvery wave,
To view the bark so proudly lave
Her bosom in the sparkling tide,
And dash the foam on either side ;
Or talk of love in love's own light,
When stars and eyes are glancing bright.

L.

Not heedless falls the deep-toned Curfew bell !
Full well I heed the verberating chime,
Which comes like music on the ear to tell
It is the' anticipated trysting time.
So *vive l'amour* ! for by yon radiant moon—
No, by "the' inconstant moon" I must not swear—
Then, by each constant star that in night's noon
Contributes splendour to the hemisphere—
That if my purpose hold, and I preserve
What at an exigence coy people lack,
The needful equanimity of nerve,
And if she promises to turn her back
That I may blush unseen,—I'll ask Miss May
To have me, and to name the happy day.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I question if there breathe a man
Who, musing on his pillow, can
With heart-felt satisfaction say,
I've passed a comfortable day,
Without a care or anxious thought—
A worthless bargain, dearly bought—

A trinket lost, an ague caught,
A chiding wife whose spousal rattle
Subdued you in a wordy battle—
Or senseless gossips' tittle-tattle—
A fool who outraged wit and frolic—
Pains of each kind, from spleen to colic—
Too late for post—too soon for dinner—
At cards a guinea short of winner—
Qualms that succeed an extra glass—
Appointment broken by your lass—
Some fractured crockery or china,
Or vase of exquisite Delphina—
A portrait damaged, drawn by Kneller—
Or pipe of wine leaked in your cellar—
A harebrained son who runs in debt,
Your coachman blind with heavy-wet,
Who laid you softly in the mire,
Begrimed like any hunting squire—
Pounced on in *outré* morning habit—
Shot twenty times, and killed—a rabbit—
A lawyer's writ for unpaid fees,—
Your nag brought home with broken knees—
A clamorous dun—a rainy day—
Et cetera, et cetera.

LI.

Now from this list of common miseries,
(Each is an evil if it have the power
To agitate the mind, or keep the eyes
Unclosed beyond their napping time one hour,)
Are not the hypochondriac's fancied ills,
Morbid diseases deemed?—as if his frame
Were shattered by each poison that distils
Pandora's plagues—to him they are the same.
One only from the' accumulated heap
Already mentioned did I find no less
An antidote to rest, and called on sleep
To "steep my senses in forgetfulness."
But vainly summoned—not till half-past four
Mumbling these stanzas did I 'gin to snore.

WHOM CAN I TRUST?

I'll trust a lawyer with my cause
When I have no more cash to fee him;
I'll trust a gamester with my purse,—
A rogue,—ay, further than I see him—

I'll trust my honour to a knave,
My health to any vile Sangrado;
I'll lay my very bosom bare
To highwaymen in mere bravado—

I'll trust a wolf to guard my flock,
My poultry to the fox as warder;
I'll trust a courtier's empty word,
An idiot to fulfill my order—

These will I trust : but never more
To Mary's word, though vowed to Heaven :
She promised to be here at six—
And now the clock is striking seven.

LII.

The cause ? 'T was this : she could not come to time,
E'en like the vanquished in a pitched affray ;
(A simile brought in as make-weight rhyme,) While I, as lingering moments passed away,
Counted bob-majors on the village chime,
Or sauntered onward to her cot *ornée* ;
Now wondering why the plague she did not come—
Now, racked by jealousy, the sex forswore,

Their honour, love and constancy all hum,—
I but a wittol e'er to cross her door,
Or on a jilting errand thus to roam.
Now quoting Hodge, a poet of three score,
Who had essayed upon our trysting tree
His skill in verse and rural melody.

THE TRYSTING OAK.

IMITATION OF * * *

Look on yon tree, my own, my loved Annette !
It must recall to thy untarnished mind
The day, long passed, when first we loved and met,
When thou wert nimble as the mountain hind :

When maiden blushes tinged thy beauteous cheek,
When Nature to thy form could scarce impart
Another charm ; yet deeper did I seek,
And found each virtue throned within thy heart :

When I in youthful ardour faltering heard
Thy promise half expressed and half subdued ;
And all the transport of my soul averred
To thee, the charmer of this solitude.

How oft beneath its undulating shade
We've sat and lulled the noon or eve away ;
Seeking alike its well-known friendly aid
To screen us from the shower or sunny ray !

Towering erect, it hath withstood the blast
Of angry seasons and the hand of Time ;
Its verdant branches still around are cast—
That stately tree is only in its prime.

Still will it flourish on for years to come,
And be renewed with foliage every spring ;
While other lovers will beside it roam,
And share the purest joys that life can bring.

But we, Annette, have bowed beneath the yoke
Which Time increases as we least can bear ;
Yet trustingly we wait the final stroke
That severs us from all we've cherished here.

Thy brow is wrinkled and thine eyes grow dim ;
Thy tottering steps now feebly lead thee forth :
Rest on my arm—upon the arm of him
Who once could shield thee and uphold thy worth.

My dear, loved partner, e'en in age as youth,
Still beautiful to me, my firm, my tried—
Can I forget thy constancy and truth?
Thou wert, thou art my solace and my pride.

Calmly we "bide our time," for peace was ours
Of mortals here below the dearest prize;
I feel it now, although a few short hours
Witness the rending of our earthly ties.

There—let me place thee on our rustic seat,
Which with my hands I raised beneath this tree;
And in the quiet of this blessed retreat
Render our praises to the Deity.

LIII.

The author of these tolerable lines,
Hodge Gubbins hight, perceived he had a knack
Of stringing quatrains; as he went betimes
To plough his fallow or to mount his hack,
Oft was he heard to warble out some ditty
Of his own forming; such as yeomen vowed
Would damn him for a poet in a crowd,
And spoil an honest farmer—more the pity.

It cannot be denied, on standard lyrical
And Priscian's regulations oft he'd trample,
Proving his knowledge of the art empirical,
As may be seen in more than one example—
The next that I present shall be satirical,
And one more illustration close the sample.

SQUIRE HECTOR COURT,

*Being a right excellently conceited subject for a
shocking bad ballad.*

Squire Hector Court is fond of sport,
In short he is its doating lover,
And bags his game of every name,
From caperculzie to a plover.

Woe to the wight who takes delight
As he does in that pastime fowling,
Or lays a snare to catch a hare,
Or of a "shiny night" goes prowling.

For he has men of wily ken,
Who see through walls and quickset hedges,
And swear by Jove they know the cove,
Though covered head and ears in sedges.

There 's Dick and Dan will mark their man,
Despise of time and place and distance—
And compass round a league of ground
Without a telescope's assistance.

They'll see the shot which sends to pot
A pheasant, and the chap wot kills it,
And nothing loth will gulp the oath—
Enough for them, their master wills it.

The magistrates may rack their pates
To find some clause in mitigation ;
Squire Hector Court, so fond of sport,
Clears all by sheer mystification.

Informer he, yet fain would be
Justice and witness, clerk and jury—
With oily jaw lay down the law,
Or dictate with demoniac fury.

The hapless wight in such a plight
Has nought to do but pull his purse out,
And pay the fine of two pounds nine,
Gulping the curse he must not curse out.

Nimrod of old, that hunter bold,
Who first waged war on beast and varment,
Was not to be compared to he,
The hero of this song or sarment.

Nor Waterton, who rode upon
A Yankee crocodile or cayman ;
And mastered it without a bit,
With sinew like a brewer's drayman.

Of eighteen birds he killed three-thirds,
That is, he fired and never missed one ;
His double joe is quite the go,
And he a perfect Osbaldestone.

But to support this raking sport
He must of need keep off encroachers,
And take the worst of those accurst
Of people in his pay called poachers.

To catch a thief—the proverb's brief—
Reader of course you know the rest on't ;
With such a man as Dick or Dan,
'Tis ten to one he gets the best on't.

Should you desire to act the Squire,
First try your luck at Epsom races ;
And if success your efforts bless,
You can proceed at easy paces.

Next rent a seat, some choice retreat,
With land for rearing colts and sheep in ;
Embrasured wide on every side,
To keep the village raff from peeping.

Don't own a rod of dirty sod,
But get some nobleman to rent you
The right of aim on statute game,
And then, if these should not content you,

Purchase the tithe—let hook and scythe
Cut down, to store within your garner,
The tenth in kind from stubborn hind
And every enterprising farmer,

Who may dispute your right to shoot
And trample down his bounds and fences ;
Or ever dare to nab a hare—
He should escape on no pretences.

Then next, fair Sir Commissioner
Of Taxes get the Board to hail you ;
Kill or surcharge each dog at large ;
Such worthy means will never fail you.

For such will make—and no mistake—
A real click-trigger or dashman,—
A sporting swell at race or hell,
The beau-ideal of a flash-man.

E'en such an one as I have done
My best to portray to your liking
In modest tint—the fiend is in 't
If the resemblance is not striking.

THE DYING MINSTREL.

My harp is unheeded, for melody fills
My mind with the sorrows that memory instils ;
It speaks no enjoyment, it breathes no desire,
The cadence of love and of glory expire.

For she to whom I tuned my lays,
Through wintry nights and sunny days,
Rests where its tones can ne'er ascend—
Rests where my footsteps ne'er can bend. 

Now dormant, discarded and mute is the string
Which used in the praise of Gwenllean to sing :
Some happier lover, whose heart knows no pain,
Shall awaken its notes to a livelier strain.

Yet, in the midst of revelry,
A thought let him bestow on me—
A sigh, which pity may create,
When musing on the donor's fate.

Adieu, then, fond lyre ! but over my grave
Let thy melody mix with the chorister's stave ;
For he who adored thee when living must prize
The idea of thy joining his dirge when he dies.

One effort more, and then we part—
Strike, trembling hand ! sigh, broken heart !
Farewell my first, my latest friend—
The Minstrel's triumph here must end.

LIV.

The night is waning fast and the time of rest is past ;
Slumber o'er many casts her downy arms.
Musing upon my fate, nor joyless nor elate,
Then solitude unfolds her hidden charms.

I ponder with a sigh on fleeting time gone by,
Tinged with the varied hue of grief and joy—
Regret the hours misspent in folly's blandishment,
And hope the future better to employ.
This loneliness I find congenial to my mind—
The holy calm each grosser thought sublimes ;
A pleasing sadness steals as memory reveals
A retrospective glance of other times.
The early morn of life, with freshest feelings rife,
With all to hope for and with nought to rue—
Friends now beneath the wave, or mouldering in the
Return again ideally to view— [grave,
Then the derisive smile on what had power to wile
The casual admiration of a day !
Realities too well burst the delusive spell,
And fond hallucinations pass for aye:
But still they leave behind the gentler and refined—
Those time-tried, heart-worn thoughts that never die ;
Life's choicest gifts remain, or else indeed were vain
The soul's enduring sensibility.
Then by the taper's light restore to welcome sight
The treasured sentiment and relic dear—
The trinket and the tress, the faded loveliness
Of summer flower that graced a former year.

FRIENDSHIP.

How cheering is that sacred flame,
How sensitive the pang,
Should aught asperse the honoured name
Where faith and friendship hang !

Time imperceptibly recedes ;
But mind to kindred mind,
The faster that along it speeds,
The firmer seems to bind.

Should alpine mountains intervene,
Or ocean's billows roll,
Friendship unwavering, serene,
Yet animates the soul.

We may be destined still to range
This beauteous world apart ;
But haply we may still exchange
The greetings of the heart.

The lettered sheet shall e'er portray
 Its dictates unimpaired,
 And age attest to no decay
 What youth and manhood shared.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

INSCRIBED ON THE LAST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Within this book one vacant space
 Remains for friendship's hand to trace
 A legible memento ;
 Mary, forgive me when I dare
 Describe you amiable and fair,
 Without your free consent to.

Friendship—oh ! 't is a dangerous term,
 Which frequently conceals the germ
 Of a far different feeling ;
 Yet call it friendship if you will,
 Or an emotion dearer still
 Beyond the heart's concealing.

Can love exist without it—say?
With giddy love perhaps it may,
 But, based on virtue, never.
Combined with innocence and truth,
It will survive the wreck of youth
 And flourish on for ever.

Contemning all the sex's arts,
You first gain friends, then win their hearts,
 Unconsciously misleading;
Through flowery paths so green and smooth,
That love's red rose peers forth, forsooth,
 As friendship's voice is pleading.

Oh! let these sentiments record
Both, but in chief the softer word,
 Now for the first time spoken;
“If pity melt the soul to love,”
The truth of that assertion prove
 And I will bless the token!

We meet at eve—amid thy hair
Of dark luxuriant richness wear
 It's emblematic blossom!

If friendship be but thine to give,
Then never shall the feeling live
In more devoted bosom.

Still let this too assuming lay
A moral to each sex convey,
Forgotten by tomorrow :
Beware of friendship—'t is a term
That also often folds the germ
Of wretchedness and sorrow.

SONG.

And must I sing of love no more,
Nor weave a chaplet to the fair?
The song of ecstasy give o'er,
And tune the breathings of despair?

The wild bees through our garden rove,
To cull some sweet from each gay flower;
And he may sing ideal love
Who ne'er hath felt its utmost power.

The chord is stricken : once I thought
This heart could ne'er its pulse renew ;
But time hath its mutation brought—
It beats again, and beats for you.

VIOLETS.

Posy of violets ! well do I know
The spot of thy birth ;
None lovelier on earth—
Oaks waving around, and ye blooming below.

Posy of violets—gems of the year !
Your perfume is not
Like those round my cot,
For double their portion of sweetness ye bear.

Posy of violets ! morn's early dew,
Which the wild blossom sips,
Is less pure than from lips
Whence all thy additional fragrancy drew.

Posy of violets! sunbeams impart
 Soon a withering death;
 But, refreshed by her breath,
Ye flourished again, and were worn next her heart.

•

Posy of violets! live through the year,
 When your brethren fade
 In the hedgerow or glade;
For double their portion of sweetness ye bear.

THE BOUQUET.

The hand that culled these beauteous flowers
Once clasped my own in friendly seeming;
And well they call to mind those hours
When young hope smiled and love was beaming.

We roamed abroad—you gathered one,
And said, "Whatever ills beset thee,
Forget me not, and think that none
Shall ever teach me to forget thee."

This rose a richer dye imbued—
Your lips impressed it at our parting ;
With glistening tears it was bedewed,
And I rejoiced to see them starting.

Because they spoke what words could tell,
(Though honeyed eloquence attended,)
Their import oft not half so well—
Those tears my drooping soul befriended.

But thou art fled ! the dream is o'er !
I wake, and find the vision banished ;
To greet my longing eyes no more,
With thee my dearest hopes evanished.

Yet these remain, which I prefer
Beyond what e'er before I valued ;
Than every flower of the parterre
They shall be more endeared and hallowed.

THE WISH.

Good night—good night! the midnight bell
Has echoed over hill and dell;
Nature has sunk in balmy rest,
As tranquil as thy spotless breast.

May slumber's phantasies but cast
A sweet remembrance of the past;
And if futurity they show,
Be they as free from care and woe.

Could I command one fairy sprite
To whisper in thy ear this night,
What other mandate should it be
Than to instill a thought of me?

ON A FRIEND SLAIN IN BATTLE.

Our young hero sleeps on the grassy plain, [ed;
Where the roof of the high-mettled war-horse resound-
And other brave compeers that evening were slain,
Whose hearts in the morning delightfully bounded.

A hillock is raised where he now lies cold ;
There the rage of the battle's contention was loudest.
That spirit is fled, once so gallant and bold,
In a patriot's feeling the warmest and proudest.

His death-couch untended, no fond watchful eye
To anticipate wants by pale sickness excited !
No affectionate bosom suppressed the deep sigh,
Or wrung with despair when all love-hopes were
[blighted.

He witnessed no pangs which lead to unnerve
The' aspiring soul at the hour of her soaring :
He manfully fell ere his spirit could swerve,
Unsubdued by the tears of affliction fast pouring.

Brief, earnest the prayer for his soul and his love !
Nought than honour could tempt him awhile to forsake
The mandate that summoned his spirit above [her ;
As a mission of welcome will soon overtake her.

Thus the soldier should fall—where his prowess shed
A lustre unfading and deathless around him ;
The flag of his country upreared o'er his head [him.
On the spot where fate's sable-winged messenger found

LV.

From fragments and torn books of manuscript,
Scraps of waste paper and the backs of letters,
I've culled and altered, interlined and clipt
This motley entertainment for my betters.
Some fancies written many years gone by
Are last appended ; and to say the truth
My preference is given feelingly
To these warm puerilities of youth.
Having some bundles left before completion
Of this increasing volume, I may enter
My hand again into the rough concretion.
But *quantum suff*—now for another venture :
It is a satire ; would it were a scourge
To whip such “sinner naked through the world,”
While Della-Cruscan whiners tune his dirge,
Ere into Lethe's waters he is hurled.

A MARGINAL CRITIQUE.

Unworthy Muse, who thus unites the name
Of Love with murder, blasphemy, and shame !

E'en Pity blushes for the tear she sheds—
It drops dishonoured on their guilty heads;
And would attribute the descending gem
To fallen humanity, and not to them.
The one a wretch, matured in crime as days,
In bold unfading colouring displays
A finished picture of embodied sin—
Exteriorly pure—a hell within.
He wooes a willing victim to his wiles,
Then seeks oblivion in another's smiles;
And adding crime to crime he crowns the whole
By murder, both of body and of soul!
The other—but enough—we draw the veil
O'er feminine delinquency. The tale
Of infamy is told by far too deep
To lull offended innocence to sleep. [crowned,"
Must "swains and nymphs, with health and beauty
Be told "to lightly press their hallowed ground?"
Hallowed by what? By murder, suicide—
Where death unites an atheist to his bride?
They scorn the maudlin, vitiated taste
That lays divine and moral duties waste.
They scorn the poet who profanely paints
A brace of sinners for a pair of saints:

And one crime leaves the *Author* little hope ;
He is a murderer—for he murders Pope*.

LVI.

One package of the former-mentioned papers
Contains a legacy—not of bond or bill—
At least not bill of banker, but of drapers.
Several there are which double use fulfill ;

* The author of a work on the United States of America indulges his readers with a poetical and prose narration to the following effect. A man, rather beyond the meridian of life, pays his addresses to a young girl, whose relatives interfere to prevent her marrying a man of his age—needy, unprincipled, and atheistical. Still their opposition were vain, had not the hero of this tale discovered a lady possessed of greater charms in the shape of dollars. Pleading the opposition of her friends, and the desperate state of his finances, they part by mutual consent. He is then united to the richer female, which circumstance is of course concealed from the former lady of his love. To her after a time he renews his attentions, and by a system of demoniacal hypocrisy and illusive reasoning perverts her belief in revealed religion, and moral degradation ensues. To avert its effects, he prevails on her to take some horrible potion : a premature birth takes place, and the same agency consigns mother and child to the grave ; whither she is soon followed by her destroyer, who, to complete the tragedy, dies by his own hand. Pope's "Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady" is mangled into parody by the sentimental author. The above lines were written in the margin under the author's Elegy to this pretty pair.

One as a reminiscence, one for rhymings,
Left by a brother of the school erratic ;
Who, having penned a centen'ry of whinings,
Ended his sorrows in a five-pair attic.
He died in a deplorable condition
From water in the stomach—not of Thames—
But by the Jury's sapient exhibition,
As founded on the evidence of James
His landlord's son, and on his daughter's Eva,
Who fetched the liquor—water of Geneva.
Save for *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,
I would declare upon my reputation
That I am really half ashamed to own 'em,
Or trust the chances of their condemnation.
But, gentle reader—grim, if masculine—
Remember I've a contract and a book
To render shortly ; and 'tis my design,
Hoping that you will kindly overlook
All imperfections, to present a quality
Of this said garretteer's originality.

CHOP-HOUSE COGITATION.

The city was emptying its thousands ;
I sat in my chop-house alone ;
At my side stood a tumbler of porter,
On my trencher the well-polished bone

From a chop of most exquisite gusto,
Just cooked to a turn or a friz ;
As racy, and juicy, and tender
As e'er greased a critical phiz.

But I sighed as I pondered upon it,
As most demi-dinnered would do ;
For on counting the coins in my pocket,
I found they would not afford two.

So I turned to my window—'t was Sunday—
To notice the motley parade,
And the pleasure that beamed from the features
Of matron, apprentice, and maid.

Yet I sighed as they merrily passed me,
Not with envy, but sorrow, to see
Among the light-hearted that bounded,
No light heart was bounding for me.

I felt myself lone in creation,
Thus witlessly courting the Nine;
Unfriended, unknown, unregarded—
Condemned in a Chop-house to dine.

MOCK MELODY. No. 1.

Let Erin remember the days of yore,
When Dermot McMurrough* belied her;
And her emerald pastures were purpled with gore,
For the blood of her bravest in dying had dyed her.

* This King of Leinster, after his abduction of the King of Meath's daughter, was by him and the King of Connaught defeated. He flew for aid to Henry II., offering, if reinstated by his aid, to hold the kingdom as his vassal. Henry acceded to these terms; and Dermot, to induce Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to attempt the subjugation of Ireland, described his countrymen as barbarians and cowards.

Oh ! let her remember she does not forget,
When she numbers her spirits of steel ;
The warrior whose malison clings to her yet—
Sage, patriot, and prophet O' Neal*.

'T was Con of that name and Ulster the earl,
As early historian relateth,
Thus accursed of his line each degenerate churl
Who the lingo of Englishmen singeth or prateth—
“ Desolation and wrath to the dastard who builds
His house save of turf, mud, or peat !
And trebly condemned the arch-traitor who gilds
Our soil with that hell-grain called wheat !

When a Patlander quits his home of turf
By temptation of devil or woman ;
When he ploughs, sows, or reaps like a false Saxon serf,
Or speaks in the tone of his insolent foeman—
From that moment is liberty quenched in our land,
Dishonoured our forefathers' graves—
By perfidy, parchment—by fetter and brand
Let the children of Erin be slaves !”

* Con O'Neal, Earl of Ulster, cursed his posterity, should they learn English, sow wheat, or build houses ; as by those means they would become slaves to the English.

A DINNER AT SEA.

The parties named in the following lines assembled daily at the dinner-table of an outward-bound Indiaman. A succession of head-winds and calms had occasioned a scarcity of the usual sea delicacies.

“Against a good dinner why turn up your trunk,
Like an elephant making salute?”
“Sir, d’ ye think every day I can stomach salt junk,
Or bolt pudding not fit for a brute?”

“Peas and pork, pork and peas, now alternately fume
On our Commodore’s *table d’hôte* ;
Which to vary once more, we may fairly presume
They’ll dish up old grey-beard the goat.

“Roast beef and plum-pudding is drummed every day
With such form, when the dinner is laid,
Which to eat of again I’d resign a year’s pay :
I’m sick of such rhodomontade.”

“I’m really astonished to hear you thus speak,
Without the least cause to complain ;
We’ve fish, flesh, and fowl every day in the week :
You stare, sir—I’ll freely explain.

There's Currie, and Eales, who's a queer fish you'll
And Birds for whom nabobs may sigh ; [own;
Hogg forty years old, sleek, fat and full grown,
And delicate Lamb six feet high."

SONG.

Enamoured I drink to my dearest—
To pledge her my glass shall o'errun
With rarest of vintage and clearest,
Of age, as her own, twenty-one.

Of ripe, ruddy nectar I sip ;
But vainly its ruby tints vie
With the hue or the taste of her lip,
And, though brightest, the glance of her eye.

CONDENSED KNOWLEDGE.

In this age of wild discovery,
When wits are in congression,
And what remains of author's brains,
Like steam, must bear compression ;
A sage with all the learning of
A Hottentot or Esquimaux

Will tip you Locke or Homer in
A single duodecimo.
We 've catch-blunt volumes made by those
Who scarcely know the letter A,
As each man his own "Lawyer,"
"Cattle Doctor," "Cook," et cetera.
But I 'll condense the sciences,
Without such superfluity,
And make them come beneath my thumb
With greater ingenuity.
This is the outline of my book,
The title you can see above—
A little less than the Bijou,
All other works shall be above.
Comprising every quality
Of each thing intellectual,
And applicable to the arts ;
Therefore I shall expect you all
To patronize a labour of
Such general utility,
And written by a man possessed
Of wonderful ability.
I 've a multitude of nostrums and
Of recipes directional ;

With observations practical,
And tactical, and sectional.
’T is a sportsman’s vade-mecum,
A gardener’s indispensable ;
And all the wit contained in it
Is very comprehensible.
I’ve wonderful decoctions,
Fish-sauces quite Apicianised ;
With fragrant *eaux* for squeamish beaux
Whose noses are Parisianised.
Of very great efficiency
Whene’er they draw their laces tight ;
And excellent cosmetics too,
For making sallow faces bright.
I’ve essences essential,
And medicines to physic all ;
Lotions, draughts, emulgents,
And lozenges when phthysical.
Digest of the digestive laws—
A cure for indigestion too,
With love-songs to inspire the fair
You wish to pop the question to.
Of chemical experiments
A multifarious olio,



Which, well spun out, I 've little doubt
Would nearly fill a folio.
On pure imagination
A gourmand's chops may smack 'em here ;
I have no plot with Death i' the pot,
And do no Dr. Accum fear.
I'll show how vastly we're improved
In morals and in edifices ;
How very stately domes arise
Where erst stood nought but precipices ;
How stagnant surfaces of bogs
To culture 's made available ;
And tracts regained from Neptune's sway,
That all thought irreclaimable.
I've a treatise on the science named
Political economy ;
With ways of rising in the world
With little art and no money.
I'll state how palaces are built
For lunatics and plunderers ;
Areopagal structures raised
For literary blunderers.
Villas very elegant
For pauper guards to revel in ;

And Colosseum club-houses
Where gamesters play the devil in ;
With submarine arcades,
And passes subterranean,
And a plan to build by joint-stock shares
A modern Herculaneum.
Ditto for splendid abattoirs,
Where butcher blades can slaughter in ;
And how they are warmed by stoves that let
Both heated air and water in.
For steam is quite a household drudge,
A sort of all-work article,
That blows a house or ship aloft,
And scarcely leaves a particle ;
Now crossing the Atlantic
With speed quite overpowering ;
Now pushing horseless vehicles
Full fifty miles an hour in.
I'll prove how dinners it can cook,
And ripen fruit in graperies ;
Print, wash, brew, bake, knit, knot, net, sew,
And weave all sorts of draperies.
With many other kinds of work
Which I'll not now enumerate—

'T is a good slave that never asks
Its master to remunerate.
Of gas I'll speak from anthracite,
Or coal that is bituminous ;
Or matter oleaginous,
Or water to illumine us ;
And set the very Thames on fire—
A fact the most indelible,
Although within a year or two
Adjudged to be incredible.
I will describe how Mr. Cross,
In philosophic merriment,
Can diamonds form from charcoal sticks
By wonderful experiment ;
Or how from old brass sixpences
Pure gold becomes deducible,
Transmitted by the effluxion of
His alterative crucible ;
And further will expatiate how
That perfect physiologist
Became of his creations
The learned insectologist.
Particulars you'll find within
My teeming miscellanea

Of every new invention,
And speculative mania.
When spirit was obtained from bread
By oven distillation,
And ice was made an article
Of Indian exportation ;
When penny mags and newspapers
And almanacks enlightened us ;
And Daguerre's art astonished us,
And raw policemen frighten'd us.
I 'll show how bards may inspire
More free and more emphatical ;
And breathe aloft aërial airs
In atmosphere more attical.
With Green or Graham they may soar
Without the aid of Pegasus,
And write aloft on ambient clouds
Their literary legacies ;
Describe the Alps or Teneriffe,
Astoundingly terrific ;
Take lunch on Chimborazo,
And dine o'er the Pacific.
In short you will esteem my work
A fair elucidation

Of everything perplexing to
The "Grand Association."
In language of simplicity
I'll state the why and how to you ;
And now, with pleased expectancy,
Will make my parting bow to you.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Through the groves of Arcadia as Cupid was wandering,
Computing the hearts he had smitten that day,
On various deceptions and stratagems pondering,
Forgot he had trifled his arrows away.
" Ah, thriftless !" he cried in an accent of sorrow,
" How few are the shafts I can aim with tomorrow !"

" With earliest spring binds I craftily wound them,
The sharp-pointed barbs so concealed from the eye,
That maidens in ecstasy thronged so around them,
I scarcely had needed in ambush to lie.
Those maidens must pine in seclusion and sorrow ;
No reciprocal flame can be kindled tomorrow."

"Come hither, young archer !" roared out old Silenus,
Who, pruning a vine, heard the boy in this mood ;
"Attend to the compact I offer between us,
And I will supply you with arrows as good ;
From these tendrils, whose fruit is a bane to all sorrow,
I'll furnish your quiver for sporting tomorrow."

Little Cupid accepted the proffer to use them,
And off to his bower of Amaranth stole ;
But the bacchanal first had contrived to infuse them
In the liquor he loved from a rubicund bowl.
"No more shall your victims be pining in sorrow,
For gladness and love shall be mingled tomorrow."

'T is thus we account that the grape juice but mellows
The soul to emotions of genuine bliss ;
So pass round the toast to each band of good fellows,
And parched be his throttle who'd stickle at this.
Bright eyes and pure wine, dear expellers of sorrow,
As ye sparkle tonight, may ye sparkle each morrow !

ANTI-BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Refrain from the wine-cup ! there 's poison within ;
The asp and the adder less virulent are ;
Nor deem the draught sweet, for it leadeth to sin,
Alternate excitement, remorse and despair.

Let the bacchanal boast of the pleasures it brings ;
Oh what is that pleasure ? a feverish cloy :
Of honour, love, liberty, glory, he sings—
Imaginings vain he can never enjoy.

The secret of honour the drunkard reveals ;
The faith of a friend is maligned by his word ;
And nerveless the patriot glow that he feels—
His tremulous hand can ne'er grapple a sword.

Say what is his glory ? a boasting to bear
A revel till revellers sink into swine ;
To drain the deep goblet and fall from his chair,
And deem the exploit little less than divine.

And what is his love ? Love ! profaned is the thought—

When connected with him 't is unknown but by name.
Shall woman, with purest affections, be taught
To sty with intemp'rance, and wallow in shame ?

Refrain from the wine-cup ! there 's poison within ;
The asp and the adder less virulent are ;
Nor deem the draught sweet, for it leadeth to sin,
Alternate excitement, remorse and despair.

EPILOGUE TO "THE MOUNTAINEERS,"

as performed chiefly by amateurs, for the benefit of two of the regular theatrical company, whose previous one had failed in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather.

But little versed in legendary lore,
And having less of patience to explore
The records of the past, I'll not engage
To name exactly to a year or age—
Sufficient to accord tradition shows
The pit with critics, and the boxes' rows
Were ever filled with élégantes and beaux.
The upper regions, those supreme abodes,
Re-echoed with the thunder of the gods,

Whose orders were despotic—at whose call
Attended company, musicians, all.
Such are our cantonments, and such have been
The witnesses of many a changing scene ;
When genius opened her dramatic hoards,
And stars of magnitude adorned these boards.

Your applicants but lately with delight
Welcomed to them the unpropitious night
They hoped had crowned their eagerness to please
With a whole quarter's competence and ease.
Alas ! those hopes were early doomed to sleep—
When, at the customary curtain-peep,
The anxious eye each vacant bench surveyed,
Few friends appeared with intervening aid ;
Within the pit no critics to condemn,
Take snuff, applaud, cry “ Bravo ! ” or, “ Ahem ! ”
Exclaim, “ How admirably acted !—prime !—
Dem bad ! dem good ! oh, horrid ! ah, sublime ! ”
Few belles or beaux bedecked our green-clad boxes.
Among the gods, six tritons and their doxies—
Sad sight ! enough a veteran to dismay
Who has the printer and his devil to pay.

But under happier auspices we now
Before the fiat of your judgement bow ;
Full circles having amply made amends
For previous non-attendance of our friends.
Well pleased amid the audience I discern,
What we acknowledge is our pride to earn,
Approving looks so kindly meant to cheer—
We feel our truest friends are clustered here.

A few admirers of the scenic rite
Have passed the ordeal of your taste this night ;
Ambitious but to please, scarce to excel—
The intent is kind—'t is yours to say how well.
Each has displayed his forte—your gracious smiles
Both amateur's and actor's heart beguiles.
As each retires, he hails with heartfelt cheers
Your pleased reception of "The Mountaineers."

LVII.

"Not the sequestered grove nor murmuring stream
Witness my musings, or inspire my theme ;
Not Appian olive, nor Falernian wine
Fit for the service of the tuneful Nine ;

If Whitbread's stout's nor brown, nor bright, nor
Content, I meditate on cold small-beer.—" [clear,
If any proof were wanting to induce
A verdict on the basis of humanity,
These lines would certainly be found of use,
And the conclusion must have been "Insanity."
Thus endeth the rhapsodical confusions
Of one who really thought that he could write;
But bards are often given to illusions,
And if my own contributory mite
Be deemed another flagrant aberration,
Although it may not over much avail,
I beg to offer sturdy protestation,
And in defence present the following wail.

IN IMITATION OF THE SCOTCH.

Far I gang frae thee awa,
Regretting that I ever saw,
Or that I e'er should live to ca
 Thee fause an' fickle, Nannie!

Why did thy deceptive ee
Bestow a glance o' love on me?
Or rather why did I nae see
 Ye glanced at a' sae, Nannie?

Thou hast the features, form an' air
Of ane whom I may view nae mair—
Wha left this weary warl o' care
An' me to mourn her, Nannie!

Thou dost possess the outward grace,
The lineaments I lo'ed to trace,
The vera smile that decked her face—
•Why not her heart too, Nannie?

'T was thou alone could'st dry the tear,
'T was thou alone my mind could'st cheer,
For still she breathed when thou wert near,
An' thus I lo'ed thee, Nannie!

An' thou didst own I was to thee
Mair dear than ilka ane could be;
But all is o'er, an' thou art free,
An' sae will I be, Nannie!

'T is twa lang years sin first we met,
An' time warks greater wonders yet
Than witnessing a stark coquette
Forsake her trothman, Nannie!

Farewell! there may approach a time
When, if I waste an hour in rhyme,
Anither name perhaps will chime
As musical as Nannie!

The roving fly frae flower to flower,
Trifling awa the simmer hour
Sae wantonly to ilka bower,
Is but a type o' Nannie!

When simmer lovers flee for aye
Mayhap ye may repent the day
Ye threw an honest heart away
That ance adored thee, Nannie!

LVIII.

Again the motto "Forward"—for both space
And time present impediments to rambling;
I find I must curtail, or else erase
All what I term preliminary brambling,
Or hedging round the boundaries of fancy
With raised entrenchments, as at Nice or Nancy.

The period fixed on for my coming out
Is stated in the bill St. David's day ;
" Or," as is cannily put in, " about "—
E'en then I scarcely shall have said my say.
If that my readers kindly will forgo
A strict fulfilment of the said formality,
I will immediately proceed to show
A phalanx in their plain originality.

ON REVISITING WALES.

Enveloped in a robe of darker hue
Than the horizon's pale ethereal blue,
I mark thy mountains in succession rise,
Pointing their rugged summits to the skies.
Greeting, I hail thee with a patriot sigh
Land of my birth, and where I hope to die !
Even before I reach thy much-loved shore
Imagination takes her lengthened soar,
And leads me in her fairy-gifted mood
To where, perchance, the fierce-eyed eaglet-brood
Had cradled or had perched ; thence to descry
The' expansive beauties that beneath me lie.

The' enamelled verdure of the sweeping vale,
Meandering rivulet and wood-clad dale—
The snug thatched cot, where labour and content
Spend their blessed moments of retirement—
The steepy mount, upon whose height remains
Some castellated pile, where silence reigns
Through halls which echoed a discordant din,
When revelry and uproar dwelt therein—
Where the rude chieftain of a barbarous age,
In armed licentiousness or feudal rage,
Towered his red banner, and with blood-stained hands
Spread woe and desolation o'er thy lands.

Far different now, and civilized appears
The home which peace and happiness endears.
Give me to range upon my native hills,
To bare my bosom to the breeze that chills—
Inhale its pure invigorating breath,
And fly the peopled palaces of death.
Let me enjoy the ever-changing ray
That o'er the wide empurpled heath doth play;
Or, listless, stretch me on its blossomed bed,
With tome of bardic lore beneath my head.

Now in some choice sequestered lake or brook
Plunge fearless in, or ply the tempting hook—
Now with some well-trained pointers at command,
And trusty engine balanced in my hand,
Pursue the sport in which I take delight—
Arrest the moor-fowl in its startled flight;
Or, as the varying seasons hint, repair
To seek the covey or the timorous hare.
Then from the dingle note the' instinctive bark
Of eager spaniels, as the welcome mark
Ascends—his short, his last aerial bound—
The stranger woodcock flutters to the ground.

Yet there are purer joys. The sport is o'er—
Then hie me to the hospitable door
Of that dear rustic cottage, still the shrine
Where friendly hearts and faithful loves entwine.
I wait the fleeting yet too tedious hours
To bring the wanderer to thy sylvan bowers;
To tread the mazes which his fancy reared,
Renew those joys his first perceptions shared,
And those blessed feelings which can ne'er depart
While memory survives and throbs his heart.

Dearest through life thy mountains still shall be,
Birth-place of bards and nurse of liberty !
Slowly we glide—we near the destined shore—
The boat is manned, I ply the bending oar—
Bound from the gunwale to thy wished-for strand,
And press once more my loved—my native land !

TO MISS * * *

INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM.

You ask, fair maid, the dullest wight
Of those who hold the Muse's train,
Sparks of that emanative light
Preserved within an author's brain.

I must not sing of love, the theme
Would fail to charm Eliza's ear—
To one betrothed, mayhap, 't would seem
Like trifling when 't was meant sincere.

Happy the man, where'er he be,
Who through the chequered scenes of life
Trusts to thy heart's fidelity,
For thou wilt bless him as a wife.

Say, lady, do I thus presume?

Too often does my judgement err—

Nay, if you blush, that mantling bloom

Shall be my sole interpreter.

I'd sing of friendship, faith and truth—

Those visions of an early year;

Alas! too oft, as fades our youth,

Like fairy dreams they disappear.

Even your bard the last hath seen

Of more than one eternal vow

Of endless love—love that hath been,

But withered to indifference now.

He cherished the delusive hope [more,

That spring's sweet flowers would charm once

And all their fragrant petals ope

To bloom upon a desert shore.

We may believe, again believe

The witchery of the tongue and eye;

No more—mere phantasies, I leave

Remembrances of perfidy,

To wish thee, fair Eliza, all
Joys that on real worth attend ;
Thy happiness unmixed with gall,
And love unchanging to the end.

SONG.

In pure affection, soul to soul
Still fondly clings as seasons roll—
The love that warmed our April day,
And crowned with joys our early May,
The faithful heart will still remember
Through dreary, chilly, dark December.

In pure affection, love remains
E'en when the glow of beauty wanes ;
The spell that charms the youthful breast
In later years retains a zest,
Which the fond heart will still remember
To the last breath of bleak December.

TO A LILY BLOOMING ON A GRAVE.

Did Nature place thee on this tomb,
Or did Affection try
With watchful care to bid thee bloom
O'er cold mortality?

To show, with emblematic power,
That she who rests beneath,
Was such another fragile flower
Of beauty's virgin wreath?

And thou, sweet flow'ret, soon must fade;
Corruption gave thee birth—
Thy fragrance o'er, thy petals laid
Again in kindred earth.

But from beneath thy parent sod
The mourned one shall arise
To taste the mercies of her God,
And soar beyond the skies.

TO * * *

I once indulged a wayward thought
My fate might have been linked with yours ;
But now, by sober reason taught,
The hope has fled—the love endures.

What if in words 't was ne'er revealed ?
It rankled deep within my breast—
And though from all beside concealed,
To you it was but half suppressed.

I heard you were affianced—still
Presumptuous passion would ensnare,
And bend my unresisting will
To meet its recompense—despair.

I hear your bridal day draws near—
I would tomorrow it might be !
With nought to hope and nought to fear,
My heart may gain its liberty.

These lines shall bear my last adieu,
Ere the irrevocable vow
Make it a crime to think of thee
As once I did—and do e'en now.

SONG.

I culled a wreath
Of flowers that breathe
A fragrance o'er the fields of spring;
And formed a lay
From the songster gay
That soars aloft on airy wing.

The wreath was placed
Where Anna graced
A bower near Tawe's silvery stream;
The lay was sung
Ere morning flung
Upon the hills its earliest beam.

A voice replied
In notes that vied
With music's softest, sweetest strain—

“Thy wreath I wear
To deck my hair—
But ah! we ne’er must meet again.

Farewell! farewell!
These accents tell
How hard to bear fate’s stern decree—
Forget! forget
All that has yet
Been urged by you, or felt by me!”

THE PORTREEVE’S FEAST,
OR THE
CRYER’S CHRISTMAS ADDRESS FOR 18—.

The following lines were written many years since. Some, relating to individuals who have departed hence, have been expunged. As no acrimonious feeling is indulged, the Author hopes this production may be accepted as a reminiscence of days that are gone.

Arise, ye bards, who erst were all the rage,
And set before us the satiric page.

Has incubus in leaden slumber sat on
The eloquent, capacious muse of Hatton ?*
Why does she publish yearly tomes of strictures,
Her "Uncle Peregrine," and "Cambrian Pictures,"
Nor greet us with a genuine display
Of living characters round "Swansea Bay ?"

What unknown cause and blameable caprice
Has paralyzed the master hand of Rees ?†
Do vice and eccentricity no more
Throng in our streets or ambulate our shore ?
The shaft of ridicule his fancy drew—
Shot at the passing folly as it flew.
Again exists a gaudy, cackling flock,
A full-fledged offspring from the parent stock—
In bold effrontery they scorn disguise,
Their motto still, "'T is folly to be wise."

* The lady here alluded to wrote many novels, and a volume of poetry, in which are interspersed many beautiful pieces. One entitled "Swansea Bay" will be long remembered.

† Common report, which often lies, attributes certain *Juvenalities* to this gentleman. Be they his or not, the "Characters of Douglas" are eminently beautiful in composition ; nor did their caustic severity and undue personal reflections prevent an extensive circulation.

Why let such opportunity expire,
And bind your talents to another shire ?
Renew your poet's licence—aim your gun
Of grey-goose quill, and bag them one by one.

And he who figured with romantic Anne*,
Who was a bard ere he became a man—
Why should he quit the pure Castalian rill
For the Lethean waters of Blackpill ?
Or claim the empty honour of detector
Of flagrant lapses in a public lecture ?

Beppo†, thy song has ceased, and thou art low !
The dirge of Yorick thine—alas, poor Joe !
Thou wert a worthy fellow, leal and true,
And honour to thy memory is due.

The field is open, must I then essay,
After such names, to wing the sportive lay ?
A tingling inclination at the call
Incites me to immerse my pen in gall ;
But should I draw my characters at length,
In all their impotence or all their strength,

* The late Mr. W. Williams.

† Mr. Joseph Jones, author of "Lorin."

I might perceive, in some devoted elf,
A magnified resemblance of myself.
Scribble I must—commence then with the ermine,
Let time and fancy afterward determine.

Head of the venerable tribe appears—
A title claimed by office more than years—
The once gay captain of our volunteers.
Shakspeare's fifth age arrived, no pensive air
The lover marks, or step *en militaire*
The soldier ; but solemnity of gait
Proclaims him alderman and magistrate :
Gymnastic adepts, ever-green athletæ,
Mourn ! for the "Ranger" never more must meet ye.

Christmas to Portreeves comes but once a year ;
Allow me then to whisper in your ear—
Be not a niggard of good Christmas cheer.
Disperse your invitations, make amends
To public characters and private friends,
With those of the respectable in trade,
By whom your dues are principally paid.
Join no conspiracy of civic nobs,
Who deal in office as in other jobs,
And put six hundred yearly in their fobs.

As host, or leader of the corporate name,
 Let your portreevalty descend to fame ;
 Deny the falsehood, as you hope to thrive,
 That plates are ordered but for thirty-five ;
 Prove that the honour stimulates your wishes,
 And not the grasping of the loaves and fishes*.

In just alluding to a late dispute
 Who should put on the aldermanic suit,
 I merely name the aspirants who strove,
 As * * * * *
 Add to the list * * * *
 And borough patriarch Bob, a queer old codger.
 Though some may ridicule his ostentation,
 Others less capable have filled the station.
 What pithy arguments he sheds around—
 Laconic, pointed, elegant, profound.
 His latest speech met an acclaiming burst, [first."
 Comprised in four short words,—“The two named

* It was in agitation at this time greatly to restrict the usual invitations ; from which circumstance this squib was penned, but not distributed. In fact, it was unnecessary to do so, as the worthy Portreeve entertained his corporate brethren and a host of invited guests with even more than accustomed hospitality.

And it was carried—though grammarians blamed,
Saying it ought to be—"the first two named."

As chairman of the festive board, commend
No shallow flummery 'twixt friend and friend.
Give toasts within the corporate relation,
And men whose views will bear examination.
Restrain the' absurdity of equal cheers
Paid to the duke, and monarch of Algiers.
Without romancing, I will merely say
Some have been given incongruous as the Dey.
Tell * * that Port comes from Oporto,
And not unusual compounds to resort to :
He sells good wine if Portreeves choose to order,
And Jack hates verjuice much as the Recorder.
Ask * * to confine himself to bathos,
And leave to * * sentiment and pathos.
Ask songs from * *, and * *, and * *;
Ask * * for a pun—he warbles badly ;
Ask Mr. Vice to keep the peace and time ;
Ask * * to do anything but whine ;
Ask Jack Llewellyn only to be there—
A song from him is worth the bill of fare ;
Ask * * learned in antiquary knowledge,
If Taliesin ever went to college ;

If Prince Cadwallader, or Rhys ap Shenkin,
 Was primogenitor to * * * *—
 He has a store of legendary tales,
 Of nobles, knights, and gentlemen of Wales ;
 Can make you also clearly understand,
 That Swansea's spacious bay was one time land ;
 And prove Will Shakspeare, in his wordy splendour,
 Severely wronged the fame of Owain Glendyr
 By stigmatising him a hoary juggler—
 Whereas at worst he only was a smuggler,
 Having a store of spirits under keep,
 Four or five fathoms in the "vasty deep."

Ask * * to analyse the vinous dregs ;
 Ask * * to ascend upon his legs,
 Or mount his stilts, or hobby-horse, or what
 You please to term his forte—it matters not—
 To state our wrongs, and suppurate the matter
 "Of our embossed sores"—he will not flatter,
 But tell some awkward truths—I hope he's game ;
 If he is not, his truths are truths the same.
 Ask * * to prescribe for these said pimples,
 And if he e'er inoculates for simples.

* * * * *

Another surgeon? Yes, there's surgeon * *—
Ask him to hob-a-nob a glass of sherry,
Or for another pun, he puns by art,
And calls an acid apple—apple tart;
Has many a crooked word, nor wonder why,
Knowing him surgeon to the Infirm-awry.

Poets and editors indite in plural—
It sounds magnificent but, being rural,
I leave the phrase to courtly bards or mural.
So whoa, my Pegasus, for want of paper,
You've cut an extraordinary caper;
And I, your rider, humbly make apology
For barbarisms, rhythm and tautology:
But deeming it a harmless piece of satire,
Apologies will hardly mend the matter.
I trust our worthy chief will pay attention
To what his humble laureate dares to mention;
And grant a boon he cannot well deny,
My claim to have a finger in the pie,
And his petitioner will ever—Cry.

THE LAST OF THE PORTREEVES*.

Where is the pageant which in years gone by
Was wont to gladden every curious eye?
Where that procession through the churchyard gate
Of our distinguished Body-corporate,
Who met in hall to quaff their wine, and munch
An early queen-cake for their morning lunch?
Where is the Portreeve with his stately stride,
Dispensing smiles, so bland and dignified?
Where are his satellites the Aldermen,
And brawny Burgesses three score and ten?
Where the Recorder with his merry face,
With the two grim, gruff Sergeants of the Mace?
Where is the Crier with announcing bell?—
In truth gone off to weep, or toll the knell
Of vested and prescriptive rights and wrongs—
To change for elegies his Christmas songs;
Or sing a requiem o'er their honoured grave,
As poet-laureate to the town conclave.

* On certain holidays, the Portreeve, having previously, with his escort, partaken of cake and wine in the town-hall, was accompanied to church by a large procession. On this occasion he sat "alone in his glory."

Sweet bard ! forgive the tyro who essays,
While thou art mute, to emulate thy lays,
And weep with thee, sincere as crocodile
That flounders on the slimy banks of Nile;
Who wails the Christmas feasting which is not,
And diners, 'stead of dinners, gone to pot—
Extemporaneous speeches cut and dried—
M.P.'s and local magnates magnified—
Enthusiastic bumpers to His Grace,
And laudatory cheers to those in place.
" Sic transit gloria mundi ! " Heu !
He mourns the vacant aldermanic pew,
Where sits the chief in solitary pride,
No ruddy bloater smirking at his side ;
And e'en the sergeant's mace unrubbed and dim
Reflects no brazen lustre upon him :
In his extremest need no friends supply
That balm to falling greatness, sympathy ;
Those renegades are gone with open throats
For the Town Council to solicit votes,
And bend to radicals their supple knees,
Asking for power, e'en power without its fees.
What fitter emblem of a fallen state,
Than to behold a chosen magistrate

Glide to his seat, like Banquo's ghost, to glare
And wonder where on earth his *posse* are?
He views by parricidal act the head
Alone in state—the tail dismembered.
Calvert! thou dost not come within the ban,
Sample of ancient British gentleman!
But in thy corporate degree permit
The evaporation of this stingless hit.
Thou didst uphold thine office to the last—
None worthier filled the tribune than thou hast;
Alas! with thee the good old times are past.

CAMBRIAN FEMALE COSTUMES.

No. 1. CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Indeed, ma'am, I do know that fas—
 Its owner lives this side Carmarthen;
And sure I'd think it no disgras
 To marry her without a farthen.

I met her at Llandilo Vawr,
 And since that time we're more acquainted:
So please, ma'am, let me just compar
 This pretty lock with them you've painted,

And here's a *gwascod*, look you see!
The moral of her gown I'm thinking,
That very sam I bought for she
Of double-wove from Morgan Jenkin.

And here's a little ring of goold—
(John Thomas, hush! you're turning traitor)
Hush conscience you! I'll not be fooled:
Sure shall you have me tell I hate her?

I love her—that I'm proud to say—
And spoke my mind when last I saw her;
And she did fix the bidding day
Since you was down in Wales to draw her.

No. 2. PEMBROKESHIRE.

We parted where her woodbine grew,
Whose twining tendrils round us threw
 An odorous shade—
Fragrant as when soft breezes play
O'er the enamelled fields of May,
 Or violet glade.

And memory holds the perfume yet,
While chastened shadows of regret
 Darken my brow.
She knew not, as her hand I pressed,
The conflict raging in my breast—
 Untold till now.

O maiden of the midnight tress,
Who has thy heart, him thou wilt bless.
 The blush that glowed
Thy dimpled cheek, when *one* stood by,
Expressed too well, 't were vain to sigh
 For love bestowed.

Peace to thy bosom—to thy cot—
Be pleasures unalloyed thy lot,
 Amid a scene
Where valleys sweep and mountains swell,
And river-sources, streamlets well
 Through knolls of green.

No. 3. DISTRICT OF GOWER.

Oh for the swell of Cambria's lyre,
 Her triple strings of harmony,
Her native wild poetic fire,
 To give the soul of love to thee!

I seat me where great Arthur stood
 Upon the height of Cefn Bryn—
His bards recounting deeds of blood
 And trophies won 'midst warfare's din.

Where, haply, one among his train,
 Like me, preferred love's peaceful bower,
But who in a far nobler strain
 Addressed his long-trothed Maid of Gower :

One who, like thee, might well incite
A minstrel's laudatory lay,
And bid him in his theme unite
Charms that do not by time decay.

Meekness, devotedness of heart,
Of honour, purity the shrine,
And touching on its weaker part
Make e'en its tenderness divine.

Maidens like thee in time of old
The harp and voice were wont to cheer ;
And youthful bards their loves have told,
But not with feeling more sincere

Than his who shuns each lordly dome
To breathe wild thyme and heather flower,
And muse upon his heart's best home—
His lowly, lovely Maid of Gower.

THE SERENADE.

Lady, awake ! for the bright star of morning
No longer with radiance illumines the sky ;
The first beam of Sol is this moment adorning
The brow of yon hill with its soft golden dye.

Lady, arise ! we will roam o'er the heather,
And list to the lark's early song o'er our heads ;
Let sloth and intemperance slumber together,
If rest can be found on their feverish beds.

Lady, descend ! and range with thy lover [wealth ;
Through fields of May-flowers unnurtured by
Kind Nature shall teach thee with joy to discover
Love's myrtle blooms greenest midstroses of health.

LIX.

Thus far, kind reader, have we paced together ;
My Meddlings now are drawing to an end :
I thank you for your courtesy ; and whether
In consort we go further must depend
On your discernment ; but 't is right to mention,
(Correct or otherwise in the elision,)

That, in accordance with foregone intention,
I venture on a separate division,
In what remains, from that of the preceding.
The lighter parts (I will not say profane)
Here terminate—the rest is serious reading,
Penned at such moments when the heart hath lain
In desolate bereavement—when the past
Seemed a lone link that chained it to that earth
Wherein its dearest treasures had been cast,
And desolation crouched beside our hearth.

LINES WRITTEN NOVEMBER 30TH, 18—.

Thy natal day again appears,
But not to shine on thee,
Fond partner of my summer years !
Still will affection's fervent tears
Flow irrepressibly.

Wine may now pass within my lip—
E'en let it pass no more—
Not like a Bacchanal I'd sip,
Nor in its poison madly dip,
To cast oblivion o'er.

Ah no! the memory of what
In life with thee of bliss
Was shared, I would retain; nor blot
The sorrows which were doomed our lot
On such a day as this.

The customary pledge shall live,
Though vain the tribute be;
'T will be a solace thus to give,
Each anniversary I live,
A day of thought to thee.

Thou little reck'st where thou art borne
Of sublunary woe—
My bosom's pang when thou wert torn,
And left me weeping, widowed, lorn—
'T was well thou didst not know.

Unless that then thy spirit joyed
To see my heart thus riven—
Knowing the ills to life allied
Are friendly escorts lent to guide
The erring soul to Heaven.

The cold earth pillows now thy head—
 Upon thy breast a clod ;
And thy pure heart the worm hath fed,
Feature and form now withered,
 Or blended with the sod.

As from parterres of germ decayed
 Spring flowers of richest dye,
So from thy dust, now prostrate laid,
One has arisen, ne'er to fade
 Through long eternity.

Upon thy grave, within that wall
 Where thou so oft hast knelt
To hear thy pastor's earnest call,
His and the choirists' voices fall,
 But only now unfelt.

Hadst thou been placed without the pale
 Thus sanctified to prayer,
Thither would oft my footsteps trail,
And never, never would I fail
 To leave a token there.

Beside thy hallowed place of sleep,
When morning breezes wave,
Thy children should approach to weep,
Or kneel upon the mouldering heap
Of a fond mother's grave.

And when this life shall close on me,
As soon or late it must ;
Oh may my home of resting be
The bourne of thy mortality,
To mingle with thy dust.

A PILGRIM AT DEVOTION BEFORE A RUDE CROSS.

It is the emblem of his faith—he roams
Afar beyond the busy haunts of men,
Where luxury and grandeur make their homes,
And squalid poverty moots out her den.

He bends before it—'t is an emblem rude,
Nor decked with gems, nor indurated gold ;
It stands upreared amidst the solitude,
And there the pilgrim doth communion hold

With the Eternal, and unrobes his soul
In full confession and devoted prayer;
Nor need the penitential tear controul,
That brings a hope where erst was dark despair.

Man of the world, in courts and camps he moved,
Ambitious of an evanescent fame;
With turbulence of passion hated, loved,
Splendid in crime, triumphant in his shame.

He brooked no rival, crushed aspiring worth,
And those who dared him in his bold career—
Stained his nobility of mind and birth,
To nourish envy, pride, revenge, and fear.

Contemned his prince's favour, raised his hand
In personal rebellion 'gainst his throne,
Became an outcast in a foreign land,
Unpitied, unregarded, and alone.

But he hath changed his views, and for the past
A self-inflicting penance doth sustain—
Vowed for the tenure of his life to last
In poverty, and abstinence, and pain.

The rustic cross, or based upon some mound
That marks the bandit's gory tomb, or where
His victim's mutilated corse was found,
By foaming cataract, or gaunt wolf's lair—

Where'er recluse hath raised with humble zeal,
The frail memorial of a Saviour slain—
By each in turn doth the lorn Pilgrim kneel,
And who shall deem his supplication vain?

LINES ON THE DECEASE OF A NEAR
RELATIVE.

Beloved! Oh could my spirit upward soar
To realms where sin and sorrows are no more,
Such as thou now inhabitest, and where
Eternal joys thou 'rt privileged to share!
But ah! the rays of brightness round thee thrown
To mortal vision never can be known:
The grave, that dark abyss, must first be passed;
Transgressions, weight relieved, repentant cast
On Him whose loving kindness ne'er disdains
To bear our load of infamy and pains.

Though mortal passions still enjoy their scope,
E'en for the vilest sinner there is hope :
Hope, whose bright visions in perspective rise,
And points a haven in yon starry skies—
Hope, that now bids me sing in cheering vein
Thy end, how glorious ! for thy death was gain.
But weak is man : the sorrows of the heart
Will not like momentary shades depart ;
E'en what he deems a mercy he bemoans,
As I do thee with unavailing groans—
Groans not expressed in accents, but which die
In the' heart-felt, unbidden, smothered sigh.
I paint thee as I knew thee, fellow-clay !
As the fond partner of my youthful day :
I paint thy love, unwavering as sincere,
Which from thy breast the death-pang could not tear.
In pain, in joy, in happiness or woe,
Thine was the heart responsively to glow.
I see thy fervid cheeks suffused with tears,
Thy bosom throbbing with maternal fears—
Admire the faith wherewith thou didst commend
Thy children to a holy, heavenly friend,
When that embittering hour of parting drew,
To bear upon its wing thy last adieu.

Let memory stamp the' impression on my soul—
Affection's tribute flow without control !

I bore thee o'er the Severn's rushing wave,
On toward thy home, then followed to the grave
That form I fondly, dearly loved—'t was sad
To see thee in thy burial vestments clad—
To press thy cold, cold lip, thine icy cheek—
To note thy countenance, still placid, meek,
In a fixed smile which death could not erase—
A heaven-lit smile seemed stamped upon thy face.

And will imagination onward range,
Unveil the sepulchre, and mark the change,
The devastating progress, awful, drear—
Corruption feed on all I hold so dear ?
Ah no ! on earth to see thy frame decay,
Wasting and withering from day to day,
Was pain enough. To brighter theme I turn—
Thy Christian fortitude, which could discern [said,
Death's near approach unmoved—thy words which
"Teach me, O teach me, Lord ! that I may dread
The grave as little as I do my bed."
And no unhallowed terrors could assail
To cloud thy passage through the gloomy vale.

Thy ardent hope, thy patience to the last,
When agonized with pain—and fever cast
Her arid breath upon thee, so that I
Might then have borne to hear thy parting sigh.
That sigh is spent ! on earth no more we view—
Until the eternal portals ope, adieu !
Cleansed from the dross of earth's polluting joy,
From passion's frenzy, burning to destroy—
From each alluring vice, besetting sin,
And all deceitfulness that dwell within—
I trust to meet thee, not in strength that fails,
Or good resolves that flee like passing gales—
But humble, stedfast hope, strength from on high,
To fix the thoughts on blest eternity—
The eyes on that pure beam, the Gospel's light,
To guide the weak and erring judgement right.

If, on the world's tempestuous ocean tossed,
That beacon-ray was dimmed, or visions crossed
To intercept the view, or vain desires
Deluded with imaginary fires—
Or if in total darkness we have steered
On toward the gulf, nor this nor that way veered—
Oh, may the dispensation that we mourn
Induce a holier course or quick return :

To fix our wandering love, may thy cold sod
Be the ascent from which we view our God !

THE TOMB.

“ The house appointed for all living. ”—Tomb !
Mysterious is the change thine inmates pass :
Beauty ! survey thy semblance in a glass,
And cast away all unavailing gloom.
Fade, fade it must—the decomposing worm
All boasted grace and loveliness deform :
Thou art its prey,—the image of thy God
Must blend and temper with the’ adhesive clod :
Thy slender limbs, all plastic from the mould
Of feminine perfection,—sink, oh deep,
Not in the bed of down, but in the cold
And clammy earth,—the deadly sleep
Must close thy fringed eyelids, and the bell
Resound the victor’s conquest, and thy knell.

Youth ! in the germ of life thy blood runs warm
In genial current through thy frame,—thy bound
Elastic as the fawn’s, and many a round
Of bland enjoyment flattering hope portrays,

•

Fallacious as an oasis of haze,
That in the desert wiles the pilgrim's gaze,
And tells thee thou shalt number many days.
Vain mockery ! The very flush that tints
Thy roseate cheek with seeming hue of health,
Is hectic all : full gently Death imprints
On thee his manual sign, as if by stealth,
And fearing rudely to consign to thee
Such a fair emblem of mortality.

“ Fearfully, wonderfully made,” behold
God's animated timepiece—such is he
With silvery hairs, which erst were locks of gold,
Whose years already number eighty-three.
His intermitting pulse now feebly throws
The circulating stream, yet still it flows ;
And veins and arteries perform their part,
Though indistinct and weak : his blunted heart
Beats not with pristine energy,—he bears
Upon his once clear elevated brow
The stamp of wrinkles and the trace of tears.
What are his troubles, hopes, affections, hatreds, now ?
Time-worn or baseless—no disease forestalls
His mellow age—o'er-ripe for thee, he falls.

The man of many winters, and the child,
The infant smiling on its mother's breast—
That mother who discerns with aspect mild
Its dawning reason—to the high behest
Succumb—mature and premature are thine—
The tried in virtue or the stained in crime.
O Tomb! that hast consumed, that still devours
“Nations and Principalities and Powers;”
Triumphant o'er mortality! A sound
Shall wake thy cavern, and thy quickened dead
Bestrew their dank, and mouldering cerements round,
Burst from thy stilly hold, while ocean's bed
Shall render forth its thousands: then the cry
O'er thee and Death, eternal victory!

Why are these awful musings? doth not all
Acknowledge to thy universal sway?
Thoughts most intense and most original
End with the trite reflection—man is clay!*

Indulge such meditation—it is well
To traverse in the mind thy dreary road—
Pass fearless thy condemnatory cell,
Yet deem thee but a sojourner's abode,

* “And earth to earth concludes the noblest song.”

Where the freed spirit casts away her dross,
And, purified by penitence and faith
In Him who bore the terrors of the Cross,
She nears the home where crimes nor sorrow scathe,
Where pure, refined, and endless joys await
Those who fear not to pass thy shadowy gate.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

PALM SUNDAY.

Hark ! tis the time of holy prayer,
The sabbath duties are begun ;
And on my ears the accents bear—
“Awake my soul, and with the sun !”

Urged by the sounds, I onward passed
The hazel copse and narrow path,
To where the spreading yew-trees cast
A deeper shade than other hath.

Upon my right and on my left,
The many graves were strewn with flowers—
Remembrances from those bereft
Of such as shared their happier hours.

A hasty glance was all I threw—
I could not trust my feelings then ;
But through the ancient porch withdrew,
To worship with my fellow-men.

I felt my prayers were then sincere—
Less from the lips than from the heart ;
Perchance *her* spirit hovered near,
And in my orisons took part.

Such was my thought—alas how vain !
The soul beatified can know
None of the hopes, the fear, the pain,
Reciprocated while below.

The congregation leave the place—
Again I find myself alone ;
And for the thousandth time retrace
The letters on her tablet-stone.

Simple and few, they but rehearse
Her name, her lineage and years ;
As epitaph, one scriptural verse
The contemplative wanderer cheers.

Oft have I heard her seraph voice
Repeat, as sadness fled my brow,
That sacred text, which was her choice,
And fancy I can hear her now.

E'en in her tone of music sweet,
Re-echoing whispers seem to say—
“Forbear to mourn—again we meet
Where every tear is wiped away !”

I sit beneath that spreading tree,
Whose intersecting branches wave
O'er wrecks of frail mortality—
The young, the lovely and the brave.

O'er each affection's hand has spread
Fair blossoms of advancing spring ;
'T is left for me above her head
One emblematic rose to fling.

LX.

There is a word descends upon the ear
Like distant music of a plaintive tone

Softly replied to, as a fallen tear
Proclaims some loved associate is gone.
Not then its poignant bitterness—for hope
Assuages the intensity of grief.
For fresh sensations has the bosom scope—
It mourns awhile, but soon will come relief;
The time of absence lessens with each day,
The wanderer returns and all is gay.

LXI.

There is a deeper feeling: 't is a thrill
Of woe, as when some tireless watcher bends
Over that couch, whereon lies, changed and still,
His cherished partner, or most prized of friends.
Chill death-damps on the brow, life newly spent,
The half-closed eyes sunken and visionless;
Then sorrow's desolate abandonment,
One word of meaning only can express—
In broken utterance from the lips doth part
That valediction of a riven heart.

LXII.

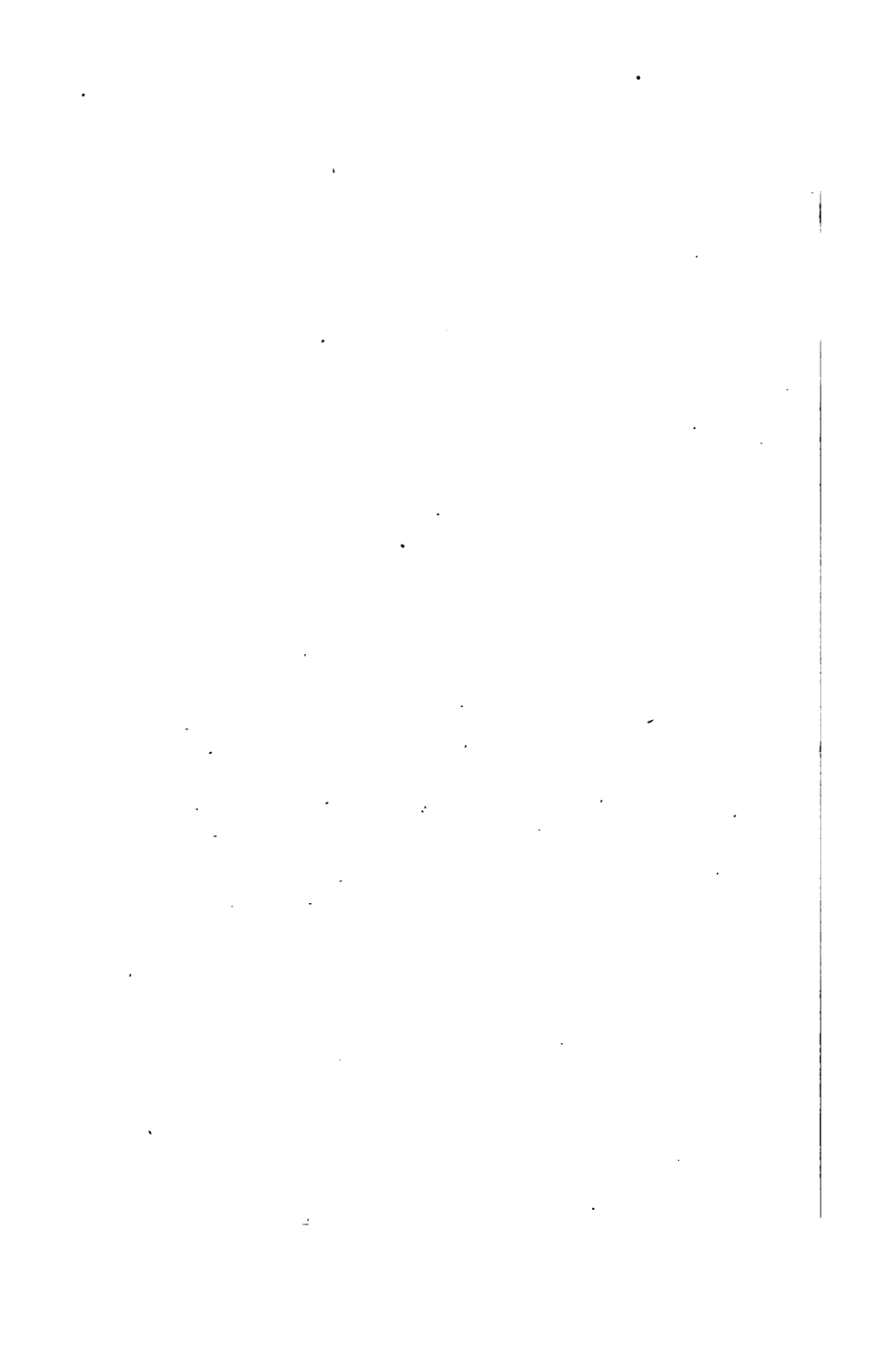
It is a word of sadness at the best,
Though with assumed serenity, 't is said,

Some dormant feeling rises at the breast,
Like wakened recollections of the dead.
It intimates the close of happy hours,
It tells of home with all its clustering joys,
Of smiling faces, gardens, fields and flowers.
It is the stirring chord that soul employs,
Converging tenderness and melody,
And love and friendship, in one speaking sigh.

LXIII.

The bard who thus has lingered in his song,
With every wish its import doth afford,
Deems that peculiarly to him belong
All kindly acceptations of that word—
The lot of his inheritance is cast
Far from those scenes that memory endears ;
And now he feels that he has gazed the last
On them, and on the honoured, loved for years.
Whate'er his fate, still with affection true
The fervent aspiration breathes, Adieu !

THE END.





2. It then goes on to describe the various methods used to collect and analyze data, including the use of statistical software and the importance of sample size and representativeness.

3. The third section focuses on the results of the study, highlighting the key findings and the implications for future research.

4. Finally, the document concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

